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JULY, 1931



Beginning

Mystery on the Mountain

A three part story by

ETHEL COOK ELIOT

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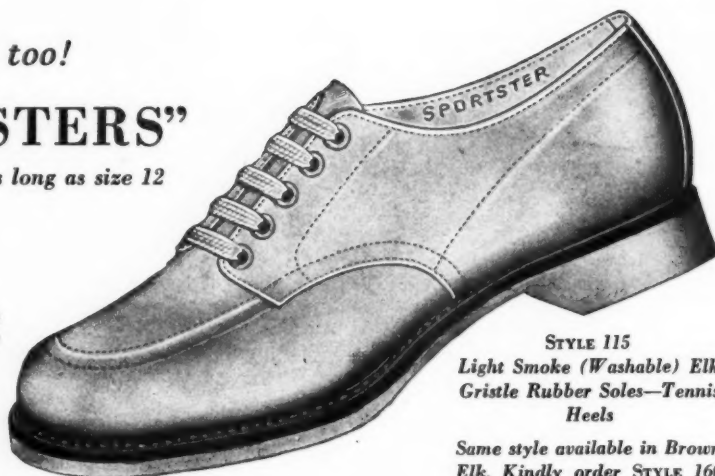
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Along the Editor's Trail

MOST of all, I admire courage," said Bunny. "I do, too," agreed Mary Ann. "But just what *is* courage, anyway?"

We were sitting on the end of the dock at camp—Bunny Jameson and I—with our feet hanging over. Mary Ann and Alice had made themselves comfortable with cushions in the flat-bottomed rowboat moored a few feet below us. It was a hot afternoon, and we were all enjoying that relaxed feeling that comes after lunch.

"What *is* courage!" exclaimed Bunny. "Why, that's easy. Courage is being brave, facing danger, not being scared to do anything, always taking a dare."

"Courage is being brave, all right," said Mary Ann. "But sometimes it isn't courageous to take a dare. It's just stupid pride that makes you do it."

"I think it's cowardly not to take a dare." Alice was vehement.

"I don't," answered Mary Ann. "If someone dares you to do something that is dangerous and useless, I can't see why you have to risk your neck to escape being called a coward. I don't think Helen was brave when she climbed to the edge of that cliff last year. I think she was foolhardy."

"I agree with Mary Ann," I said. "So many idiotic things are done for no reason at all. Helen might have been killed. It's a wonder she wasn't."

"Just the same," said Bunny, "I think she was brave — darned brave!"

"You're confusing courage with thoughtlessness," I answered. "Sometimes people do things and don't realize the danger until someone tells them about it afterwards—and sometimes not even then. That's how Helen is."

"It's all a matter of imagination," said Mary Ann, ruffling the water idly with her hand.

"What has imagination to do with—courage, Mary Ann?" gasped Bunny.

"A great deal. People without imagination, like Helen, will do almost anything, whether there's a reason for it or not, not because they are braver than the rest of us, but because they just can't picture to themselves the risks they are taking. A timid soul like Betsy, on the other hand, has overworked her imagination so much that she sees danger where none exists. It would be a good thing for her to overcome her fears, and a good thing for Helen to overcome her foolhardiness. Betsy has already started. She dove the other day and went flat. And instead of quitting she went right up and tried it once again. That took courage for Betsy."

"Then, I suppose, when we talk about whether or not a girl is brave, we must consider her temperament," Alice remarked. "If she's naturally timid, even a small risk may take a great deal of courage. I'm not sure I believe that."

"You may be right, Mary Ann," said Bunny, "but I *do* think Helen was plucky to hang onto the edge of that cliff, just the same. I know I couldn't have done it."

"But I'd rather be with you, Bunny, in an emergency, where clear thinking and quick action were necessary," Mary Ann said. "That's the real test of courage, after all. And that's the time when it means the most. Stunts like Helen's are just fireworks. But, come on, let's stop talking. It's time for a swim."

As we walked back to camp to get into our suits, I couldn't decide whether Mary Ann was right or not about Helen's "fireworks." And I still don't know how Helen would act in a real emergency. But I do know that I, too, would prefer to have Bunny at my side in a dangerous moment, even though she admits that she wouldn't hang suspended from the edge of a cliff hundreds of feet in the air, just on a dare.



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PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

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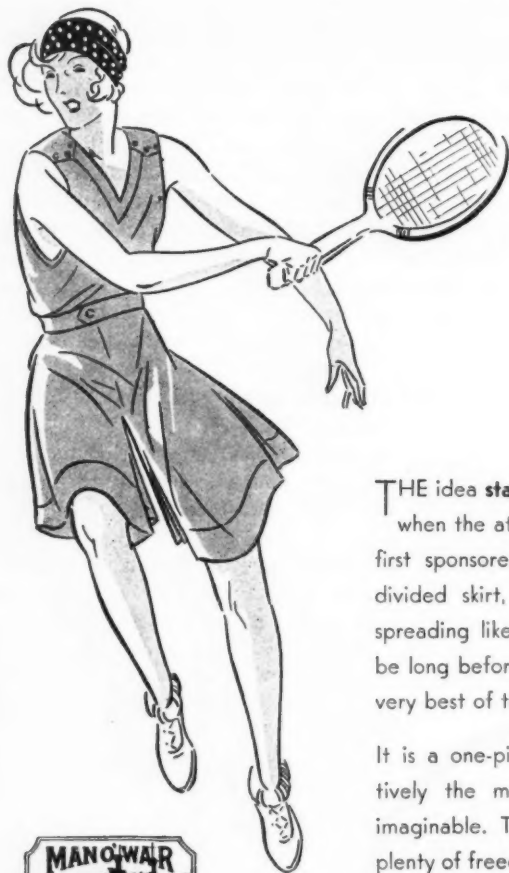
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A Star Legend

By PANSY ROLLINS

A Girl Scout of Austin, Texas

LOOK almost over your head and you may see, this month, a circle of stars resembling a crown. This is Corona Borealis or the Northern Crown and is formed by six dim stars and one bright one. The one bright star in it is Gemma, the gem. According to a Grecian legend, seven maidens and seven youths were taken from Athens every year to the labyrinth of Crete where they were devoured by that ferocious beast, the Minotaur. One year just six youths of the required age could be found, so the king of Athens had to send his own son. The ship that bore the seven youths and the seven maidens away had black sails on it. This prince told his father that if he survived to come back he would have white sails put on the ship, but if he was killed, the black sails would remain, that the father might know of the death of his son as soon as the ship came within sight of land.

After the prince and his companions had reached Crete, the prince fell in love with the daughter of the king of Crete. When the time came for the prince to go into the labyrinth, the princess gave him a very strong sword and a spool of golden thread. He tied the thread to the door of the labyrinth and let it unwind slowly as he went along.

As he neared the center he smelled the fumes of fire coming from the flames that shot out of the beast's mouth. Before entering the last door, the prince drew his sword and, dashing toward the Minotaur, plunged it into the heart of the beast. Then rejoicing with those of his companions who had also escaped the cruel fate, he retraced his steps by means of the thread that the princess had given him and was soon safely out of the dangerous winding passages.

The princess was very glad that the prince escaped and she decided to marry him and go home with him. On their way home, the party stopped at a small island to get some supplies. While there, the prince was told by some divine power that he must leave the princess there. He tried to get his mind off the subject by taking part in some of the lively, amusing games that were played, but the thought continued to haunt him.

At last, when the rest of the party was leaving, a strong force brought the prince into the ship and held the princess back on the island. The prince was so sad that he forgot to change the black sails to white. The aged king, his father, watching from a rock on the shore, was so grieved at the sight of the black sails on the ship that he jumped into the sea. The prince, reaching home to find his father dead, was so overcome by sorrow on account of the loss of both his sweetheart and father that he also jumped into the sea and was drowned.

The gods gave the princess a beautiful crown to compensate her, but her death came very soon, and the crown was placed among the stars, forming what we know as the Northern Crown or the Corona Borealis.

Patronize the equipment agent in your town



AMERICAN GIRL covers seem to be coming in for a great deal of discussion this month. Those done by Edward Poucher and Joan Esley apparently meet with general approval. Leonora Orlansky of New York says, "The covers of the magazine are great. I think the one on the May issue is one of the best we have had. Please have some more by Joan Esley." Leonora says she has been a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year, and has never found a magazine so interesting and enjoyable before. "*Mystery at Shadylawn* is marvelous," she writes. "This is exactly the sort of story I've been waiting for." She says, too, that she usually enjoys the Scatter stories, but she thinks *It's Great to be Crazy* was very silly. Leonora thinks Jo Ann is a peach, though.

JESSIE CURTIS of Ridley Park, Pennsylvania writes that she thinks Edward Poucher's cover drawings are great. She says, "I am glad that he was the one to illustrate *Mystery at Shadylawn*, because that is the best story that has ever been written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

EDWARD POUCHER is my favorite *AMERICAN GIRL* illustrator," writes Dorothy Thomas of Ansonia, Connecticut. Virginia Crowe of Chicago writes that she loves the covers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and that she thinks all those by Edward Poucher deserve extra credit. "I like the Scatter and Jo Ann stories," Virginia writes, "but I think their illustrations are untrue to life. I love the *'I Am a Girl Who—'* stories and although we had an excellent one in the May issue I still wish they'd come more often." Virginia should be pleased with the July issue, which contains another one.

NANCY SEAMAN of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin comes rushing to the defense of Jo Ann and Scatter against the attack of Mary Jane Smith. "One girl said she thought that Jo Ann and Scatter were too fresh," writes Nancy. "We'll just bet the girl who said that is a second Elsie Dinsmore! Jo Ann is a real American girl with some 'go' to her. And so is Scatter. And the illustrations—they're the best in the magazine. Who wants a magazine full of pictures of beauty contest winners? Let's have a Jo Ann story every month." Frances Hubbard, of Faithaven, Massachusetts, says, "I love Helen Hokinson's illustrations and I think the ones with *It's Great to be Crazy* are the best yet. Guffin is my favorite dog. If there is such a dog as he living I wish I possessed him." We like Guffin pretty well, too, Frances. He'll be with us again soon!

Well, of All Things!

ANOTHER staunch supporter of Scatter and Jo Ann is Marguerite Grove of Cerro Gordo, Illinois. Marguerite says, "Why do people always pick on the stories of Scatter and her friends? They are just what one should read—a little humor now and then."

Another loyal friend of Jo Ann, before we leave the subject, is Betty Henszey, also of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Who says: "I think the stories about the Jo Ann-Bassick feud are the best I've ever read in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and she is the most interesting character in your magazine. I don't think she's too fresh, as one of your readers said. Me for a Jo Ann story every month."

JEROME D. BOHM'S articles on famous composers are still receiving a great deal of applause. Lydia Levitt of New York says that she doesn't like music, but that she likes these articles. Mildred Horn of Camden, Arkansas says she thinks they are grand, because they are both interesting and educational. Mildred also likes the book reviews in rhyme.

Geraldine Guertin of Jamaica, New York says she is one of the "older girls" we asked to write to us, and she wants to tell us that she thinks *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is getting better and better. Geraldine says she enjoyed the article on Bach and hopes there will be more like it. She also particularly likes *Along the Editor's Trail*. "The book reviews in rhyme are nice as a change from prose," she writes, "but I think the prose ones are better. I enjoy them very much, anyway."

Erleen Jamison of Waterbury, Connecticut says, "As a lover of music, I enjoyed the article on music appearing in the April issue, and I am certainly looking forward to the next one's arrival with the greatest anticipation." Edwardine Goeb, of Baltimore says, "The articles on music came in very handy for me. I got extra credit in music at school."

Cecily Ann Taylor of Hollywood, California writes to say that she and her mother both enjoy the music articles immensely.

TOLA KEAN of Rockville Center, New York writes that she did not care for the rhymed book reviews because she had "a hard time catching the drift of them." Tola writes also, "Your jokes are sometimes stale, but on the whole your magazine is pretty keen."

On the other hand, Kathryn Adkisson of Roseville, Illinois writes, "I think the jokes this month were the best ever. Keep it up. It is 'great to be crazy', for I am crazy about *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The more I read it, the more I like it. The Scatter and Jo Ann stories are splendid. Even my brother reads them. He says he has but one kick—they are too short."

Chloe Lee Quebedeaux, of Georgetown, Texas writes, "I think *Jo Ann and the Pup!* is the best story of Jo Ann that I have ever read, and I think that I have read almost every story written about her."

GEORGIANA STACY of Pasadena, California has another little complaint to make. "Our *Laugh and Grow Scout* page is awfully skimpy," she writes. "Who can 'grow scout' on a half page of jokes? I think that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* subscribers should get busy and send in more jokes."

Elizabeth Sutcliffe of Southbridge, Massachusetts writes: "I enjoy the *'I Am a Girl Who—'* stories. Some of them seem made for me, and they help me to solve many of my problems."

"Do let's have some more *'I Am a Girl Who—'* stories," writes Marian Bigelow, of Syracuse. "The experiences of these girls have often helped me, and they are so interesting." And Frances Findlay of Stonington, Connecticut says, "I simply loved the May number. Why can't we have more *'I Am a Girl Who—'* stories? They help me ever so much." Frances says that she has been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for seven years.

HELENA HILLIARD of Scotland Neck, North Carolina is another staunch supporter of *'I Am a Girl Who—'*. She writes, "May I give three cheers for the return of *'I Am a Girl Who—'*? What could be nicer, next to stories and nature study than these articles every month?" Helena thinks that the picture on the *Well, of All Things!* page is rather out-of-date. "Why doesn't the same artist draw another picture," Helena wants to know, "with long hair and pigtailed on all the girls instead of boyish bobs? They would be much more modern that way."

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A Girl in Summer

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

A GIRL in summer has so much to see!
A girl in summer has so much to do!
A waterfall, a sunset, or a tree—
Star, pinned on the night's prim dress of blue.

There are so many things to please us still,
There are so many places yet to go—
The world is just blueberries on a hill,
A zig-zag trail, a kite, a boat to row.

A girl in summer has a treasure rare,
And every day filled high with sport and rest,
And life's a ribbon made for her to wear
Of all the year the summer is the best.

And while I watch the sun set red and clear,
I'm glad that I'm a girl and summer's here.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

JULY • 1931

Mystery on the Mountain

Here is the first chapter of a thrilling three part story

ROSALIE and I had hardly got down out of our local at the junction to change to the Shore Express when a little man practically flew out of the express office attached to the tiny station and asked breathlessly, "Is either of you girls Rosalie Lane, for if you are there's someone calling you on the long distance telephone. Just follow me."

We had only a minute to make our change to the Express, according to the time table, and there would not be another train stopping at the junction that day from either direction. We knew all about that. But Rosalie did not waste any time mentioning it. She dropped her suitcase, grabbed my arm, and we ran after the little man.

The telephone in the express office was high up on the wall behind the counter. Rosalie pushed a conveniently nearby empty box beneath it and mounting, balanced herself, and said in her usual calm telephone voice, "This is Rosalie Lane speaking. What is it, please?" And as she stood, listening to the receiver which seemed to be fairly sizzling in her hand with excitement, I heard the express, waiting on the tracks outside, give an angry, disappointed whistle, and start up.

I was consternated. We had lost our train, and what we should do about it I couldn't imagine.

Rosalie and I were off for a week's visit at John Worthington's cottage—his people's cottage, that is—at the shore. We were quite thrilled. We haven't a place at the shore ourselves, and we spend our summers just where we spend our winters, in Hartville, where Father is a science professor at the college. There are six of us children. Rosalie is the oldest, and we haven't even a car and have to do our excursions on bicycles. It's all right, of course, and I don't suppose there's a family in the world that has a better time than we do, taking everything together, but all the same it was no joke being stopped just as we were off on such a wonderful week as this was going to be!

The noise of the departing express drowned Rosalie's replies to the buzzing receiver, and next thing I knew she was down off the box. "Well, that was clever, to catch us like that!" she exclaimed. Then she remembered to give her usual radiant smile and nod to the obliging expressman. "Thank you

By **ETHEL COOK ELIOT**

Illustrations by Robb Beebe

so much for the trouble you took," she said, and pulling my arm through hers, drew me out onto the station platform.

"That was John," she explained.

"His face is swelling and his mother thinks it may be mumps. They want us to wait here for a day or two, to make sure, before going on. John's aunt, who has a shack off on Washington Mountain somewhere, will put us up. She's already on the way to get us, driving. John called her and arranged it. He says she'll give us an awfully good time, and the minute he's sure it isn't mumps, he'll call us and we can come along."

John Worthington is my friend more than Rosalie's. In fact, he's my chum, in spite of the fact that I'm unfortunately a girl. We are both just fifteen. Rosalie is seventeen. So naturally I took some pride in the businesslike manner John had managed to get us by calling the express office long distance at the exact minute of our being at the Junction, and the way he had arranged about his aunt.

"How soon do you suppose this aunt will be along?" I wondered. "How far's Washington Mountain from here?"

"Don't know. Five miles, perhaps. And how soon depends on her car, I suppose. Would John's aunt have a four cylinder, or a six or an eight, I wonder! Exciting, isn't it, not knowing anything? Fun!"

"You'd say so anyway," I murmured, rather doubtful myself. "But Mother's last words to me were, 'Whatever happens on this vacation, Ann, watch out that Rosalie has a good time. It would be just Rosalie's fate if the Worthingtons' cook got a toothache or something, and Rosalie'd say she adored playing at cooking, and turn in and get all the meals. It's dreadfully easy to believe Rosalie and think

you're doing her a favor, shoving all the work and responsibility of emergencies onto her. Do watch out, Ann, and insist that nothing like this happens, just this one vacation she's getting away from the family and the children!'"

Rosalie was convulsed with laughter at the way I had mimicked Mother speaking. But then she cried, "Did the blessed dear say all that! How I wish *she* could get a vacation like this just once!"



SHE TURNED AROUND IN HER SEAT AND WAVED HER HAND AT ME!



AND THEN I GOT A SUDDEN SHOCK

See here, let's not write her what's happened—John's mumps. She'd be much more disappointed than we are. Let's wait till we're at the shore and having a wonderful time, and then write."

"But suppose John's aunt really does live in a shack, and it wasn't merely John's way of speaking! Suppose she has half a dozen babies!" I cried.

"Suppose there are just tons of dishes to wash! Mother'll blame me. She warned me, I tell you! And I believe it's happening already!"

Rosalie went on laughing, very much amused. To look at Rosalie you'd never guess she is the overworked drudge that Mother so fondly imagines her. She is prettier than any girl you ever saw on any magazine cover. She has golden hair, naturally crinkly—you can't call it curly, it's crinkly—the most fascinating laughing manner, and manages to get herself up in absolutely the most enchanting clothes. Her eyes are the only thing that give her deep character away. They are heavenly blue with drooping corners, laughing—and when you catch them off guard you find them shooting just rays of kindness at you. You can't help it, it makes you catch your breath.

But would my sister Rosalie have laughed so gayly and been so extremely amused, I wonder now, if she could have seen ahead a little? Would she have stayed serenely walking up and down that station platform waiting for such an adventure as was approaching us with every turn of the wheels of John's aunt's car if she had dreamed what sort of an adventure it was going to be? Or would she have started walking me down the railroad tracks the hundred miles toward home?

"Oh! She ought to be coming along by now!" I exclaimed, when we seemed to have been waiting for hours watching the dusty country road for sign of a car.

"Right you are!" Rosalie responded. "And here she is! Oh, my eye!"

A most gorgeous limousine with the top back had just crawled around a not far distant curve in the road, coming from the direction of the mountain. It almost hurt our eyes with its glitter of glass, metal and varnish. As it crept nearer, we made out a most awe-inspiring chauffeur all in plum-colored livery behind the wheel. John's aunt was sitting very erect in a corner of the wide back seat, and as her car turned in at the station turn-around, she lifted a lorgnette and gazed at us through it.

"Ha! There'll be no babies to valet in her shack!" Rosalie whispered, pinching my arm. "But good gracious! If your friend, Carrots—I mean John—I stopped calling John 'Carrots' some months ago and I have almost trained my family in-

to it now—if John has an aunt of this description, why hasn't he told a fellow? Or do you know all about this Queen of Sheba, and were you pulling my leg, my dear, with your word-pictures of dishes to wash?"

"I knew nothing," I replied. The steadiness of that lorgnette was making me nervous. "Knew he had an aunt who spends summers on the Mountain. That's every word. But this is the lady all right. Anybody can see she's an aunt. Nobody but an aunt would abuse an eight cylinder like that. She keeps it down to about ten miles, doesn't she?"

In fact the car was coming along so slowly that we hardly noticed when it actually stopped. But the chauffeur stepped out of it smartly enough, and came hurrying in our direction—to get our suitcases, we supposed. We were surprised when he gave us barely a nod, if that was that, and hurried past us into the express office.

So we went over to the car carrying our own luggage. John's aunt put down her lorgnette when we stood before her, and she stared at Rosalie as if fascinated. But then, as I have let you see, there was nothing strange about that in a person first catching sight of my sister Rosalie.

"You are John's aunt?" Rosalie asked, putting down her suitcase and holding out her hand.

The aunt fairly grabbed it. "Oh, yes. Indeed I am John's aunt. And you—"

"I am Rosalie, and this is Ann. It is ever so kind of you to take all this trouble for strangers. But John said you were extraordinarily hospitable."

I couldn't imagine John's having said anything like that and neither need you. What he more probably had said over that long distance telephone was, "She's a good egg and you can't faze her." But translating isn't lying,

"PLEASANT DREAMS, IS IT?" SHE SMILED UNPLEASANTLY. "WHY THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED!"



and anyway, if it is, then my sister Rosalie is an awful liar, for that is one of her most frequent ways of being kind, translating as she goes along.

She was even going on with it. "John says—"

But the aunt had kept Rosalie's hand in hers—not aware, apparently, that I owned one—and now she was literally pulling her up into the car by it. "Would you mind not saying anything more about John, not mentioning his name, until we get home and up in my room?" she begged, a little wistfully, if you can believe that a lorgnetted person can be wistful. "I have my reasons, which I will explain then. Sit here beside me. Now you, Ann. Justin will put in your bags."

But in spite of the aunt's strange request, we were hardly settled in the seat with her before she asked eagerly, "How is John?"

"Well, he hopes it isn't mumps, and so do we," Rosalie began when the poor aunt cried, "Oh, my dear! Mumps! I hope not! But you must tell me—no, not now. Here comes Justin with my parcel. Not another word of John, please, until we are at home."

Justin looked a little surprised that we had carried our bags the whole length of the platform, I thought, and not waited for him to do it. Anyway, he gave us a very queer look, I felt, or rather he gave Rosalie a queer look. I am small and dark and look like a rather intelligent but not otherwise remarkable monkey, so I understood his ignoring me. But his glance at Rosalie had something missing from it. It was neither fascinated nor pleased.

"Home, Madam?" he inquired, without turning his head, when he had taken his seat behind the wheel, and the other side of the glass partition which separated us.

"HAUNTED!" ROSALIE LOOKED AROUND THE PRETTY, SUN-FLOODED ROOM, AND LAUGHED



"Surely. And drive as fast as you can." My respect for John's aunt rose like a sky-rocket at that command.

The drive to the Mountain and up it was almost in silence. Somehow, at such a terrific speed one sort of forgets to chatter. It was very thrilling, tearing along the winding country roads through clouds of our own dust, but I began to think it might be wiser of Justin (imagine such a name for a chauffeur!) if he would keep his eyes

on the road a little more and less on Rosalie, as I could see he was keeping them on her in his mirror. I like speed myself, but I believe it should be attended to, and certainly Justin was not attending to his, not entirely. And it almost cost us our lives. We were plunging at a corner when, just the instant before we reached it, a Ford car skinned around it on two wheels, coming toward us, down the Mountain. Ford cars may be no match for eight-cylinder cars like this that John's aunt gloried in, but take them on a mountain, coming down, with no brakes on and the accelerator in action, and you want to get out of their way. Justin just barely managed it.

But in justice to Justin, and in respect for his name, I will admit that the narrowness of our escape from calamity was as much the red-headed girl's fault as his, every bit. Speed is grand, but so is human reason and she wasn't using any, coming around corners like that. I turned to look after her, wondering how she got that way, and believe it or not, without slowing down one particle, she turned around in her seat and waved her hand at me!

"Perhaps red hair makes them that way," I decided aloud.

"I shouldn't wonder if that explains it," Rosalie laughed. "But John has red hair."

"Sh! Sh!" John's aunt hushed Rosalie up. Rosalie, in the exhilaration of our miraculous escape, had forgotten that we were not to mention John in Justin's hearing. He must have heard the slip but he did not start or show any special interest in the forbidden subject, that I could notice. His eyes in the mirror just went on studying Rosalie coldly, but he had slowed down to about fifty, and so it was a little safer.

Not far from the top of the Mountain you come to a stretch of plateau where several summer places are hidden away in the forest. John's aunt's place is one of these. The avenue which sweeps into it is lovely, cut straight through the forest, and thick boughs meet all the way (Continued on page 32)



A HEAD APPEARED AT THE DOORS

Have You Taken Up



By ANNA
COYLE

AT CAMP OR AT THE BEACH, THIS SUMMER, YOU WILL FIND BACKGAMMON FANS PORING OVER GAILY COLORED BOARDS

HAS the vogue for backgammon seized your crowd yet? If not, you will want to be the one to introduce it. Or, perhaps you are already among the experienced players sharing the good times at the jolliest kind of backgammon parties. It is a game with a fascination, certainly, as you know if you have heard real fans discuss it, and is a game to be reckoned with, too, for it is gaining in popularity every day.

No matter whether you are an enthusiastic beginner or an expert in the strategies and principles of the game, half the fun is in having a new backgammon board of which you may be proud. There are such stunning ones to be had. First, I want to tell you something about the finer sets that may be seen here and there. Then, let me tell you how you can indulge that artistic impulse and make your own board, easily and inexpensively. Just the kind of board that will make your friends exclaim, "Where did you get it, Jane? Do tell us how to make one!"

You would hardly expect to start your search for a game in the great Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Yet, that is where I wish you could see the one of historical interest. It is Italian, sixteenth century, and is in the Morgan Collection. Backgammon is an old, old game, dating way back to Egypt of thirty centuries ago. In our own country it has been played, in a primitive sort of way, by the Aztecs even before Columbus discovered America. No wonder the mellowed old boards are in demand as antiques, and find their way to museums.

Among the very new and modern backgammon boards, one of the most interesting to me is a gorgeous affair covered with rich-looking leather and framed with the identical steel that glistens up the dizzy heights of the tallest building in the world—the Empire State Building in New York. To add to the richness of the board and carry out the modernistic feeling the fine leather field is decorated with points of brilliant blue and black. Instead of the conventional black and white men, jewel-like men of blue and white are used.

Very unique is the backgammon set that is magnetized to be used when traveling. And, now that vacation time is here, this board should be decidedly popular on fast moving trains and unsteady boats. It is conveniently compact, not measuring more than eight inches the longest way when folded and looking quite like a small writing case. Some of these magnetized boards are leather, others are leatherette—

field, binding, and back. The men are like so many little flat red pills that cling to the board wherever they are placed, due to the magnetism, of course. The dice cups are collapsible to economize space when packing.

Among the inexpensive boards that promise to enjoy wide popularity at the beach and summer cottage are the folding ones. Some of these are paper covered and are perfectly flat when opened out. They fold just once for convenience in carrying them about. Others have cork tables and wood frames that close up with hinges to form a case in which the men and dice may be carried.

One of the finest of these folding sets is shown by a well known gift shop. The antique finish and the beautiful reproduction of an old painting mounted on the back make this set look like a rare old book when not in use.

For backgammon parties the card table cover, decorated on one side with a backgammon board, is perhaps the most popular arrangement of all. A hostess frequently buys as many as eight of these covers at a time. Very attractive ones are of black waterproof fabric, decorated with gold and bright red points. Others are in lighter shades, such as light green decorated with red and black points. My own favorite covers are of a lustrous fabrikoid which is made especially for card table covers and has a felt back. And a veritable carnival of color they bring to my parties when I dress each table in a cover of a different color—bright red, blue, green, black.

I particularly want to tell you girls how to make these covers, for they will be handy to have if your troop wants to plan a backgammon party to raise funds. Then, too, they should bring a very nice price at a Girl Scout sale if you wish to make them to sell. And if the whole troop got together and worked it would take hardly any time at all to make a great many of them.

In case you are not familiar with a backgammon board, I will try and give you an idea what it is like. The illustrations on the opposite page will help you to understand the layout. The board is divided through the center into two halves, called "tables." The partition, or division line, is called the "bar." There are twelve points on each side, twenty-four points in all, colored alternately in two contrasting colors on a field of a third color. The points must be sufficiently long to hold five men and wide enough to hold one man on each point, six abreast.

Each player uses fifteen men, usually black for one player and white for the other, though red and black, blue and white, or other color combinations are sometimes used to

Backgammon?

Illustrations by Miriam Bartlett

carry out the color scheme of the set. Each player also has a pair of dice and a dice box sufficiently large to allow the dice to be shaken freely. Dice may be bought in various colors to match almost any set. Large red ones are particularly attractive.

For those who play a great deal the board is preferably made of a material that is silent—cork, felt, leather, or felt-backed fabric.

A Backgammon Table Cover

The materials necessary for stenciling are: Stencil paper, pattern, a special stubby stencil brush, decorator's oil paint, turpentine, Japan drier, carbon paper, and plenty of soft, absorbent rags.

First, draw the design on a large sheet of paper. The field should be $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, with six points at each end on either side of a bar one-half inch wide.

In the illustration on this page, the pencil is pointing to the bar. There is a small space between the points and one-half inch all around them at the edge of the square. Each point is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide at the base. To cut out the stencil, place the paper with the drawn design on a hard surface, preferably a piece of glass, and cut out with a sharp knife or a razor blade the parts that are to be painted.

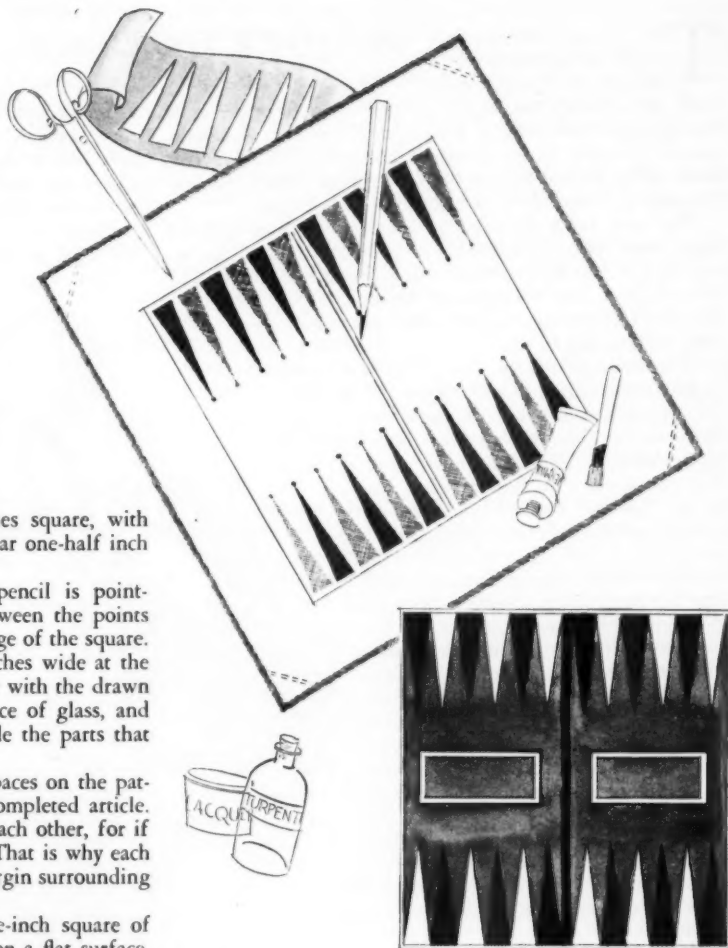
It must be remembered that the open spaces on the pattern represent the painted spaces on the completed article. No two parts of the design should touch each other, for if they do the stencil pattern will fall apart. That is why each point is made as a separate unit and the margin surrounding the board is not joined at the corners.

With the stencil cut, fasten a thirty-one-inch square of fabric securely in place with thumb tacks on a flat surface. Place the stencil design carefully in the center and either catch it in place with a pin driven in at each corner of the design (the paint will hide the pin hole) or have someone hold it for you while you work. This is important as the paint will smear if the design is moved while working.

Now, mix sufficient paint to complete the design, using equal parts of turpentine and Japan drier to thin the paint. Apply paint on the open spaces. Hold the brush in a vertical position and use with a dabbing motion. Work with just as little paint on the brush as possible, yet cover the surface of the fabric well. First, paint all of one color, then all of the other color. Protect the adjacent pattern with a blotter held in the left hand while working. Use the paint as dry as possible to prevent running.

It is usually possible to buy just the shade you wish to use. If, however, the shades are too dark they may be brightened up a bit with white. In the cover shown in the accompanying illustration the waterproof cloth is light green. It is bound on the edges with black bias binding, one-half inch wide. At each corner a strip of narrow elastic is caught under the binding and is used to slip over the corner of the table to hold the cloth in place while playing. The bar, the margin around the board, and twelve of the points are black. The alternating points are vermilion red. This combination of colors is very effective.

If you are using black fabric, you will find that ver-



million red and gold will make a striking color combination. You can buy bronze powder and mix it with bronzing liquid to give you the gold decoration.

A Modernistic Backgammon Board

Perhaps the most popular material of all for backgammon boards is cork framed with a simple wood frame finished in mahogany or walnut, or stained black. To make a board of this type, cork floor covering may be had. A good-looking board may be made of green cork, stenciled with alternating points of red and black, each point being outlined with a margin of gold, which is drawn on with a pointed brush after the stenciling is done. A thin coat of clear shellac is applied to make the board more durable. As the cork is bought by the square yard you might make a board that would just fit the top of a card table. And, if you are a girl who is handy with rule and saw, you can make your own frame of any easily workable wood. The frame for a board as large as this one should be about two inches wide and half an inch thick, and the bar should be a part of the frame.

A Folding Backgammon Board

One of the handiest boards of all for informal games and for play at the beach is made of (Continued on page 39)

A Right Smart Picture

THUD, thud, thud—with a dull, monotonous sound the hoe bit into the Ken-

By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

tucky soil, freeing the impatient corn stalks from the crust that pressed them down. The ground was hot as hearthstones at supper time. Although Holly Stevens' bare feet were calloused and tough, the earth burned them, so that she paused frequently to rub the soles on her legs.

The corn patch lay high on a steep mountain side—a light, worn spot in the blanket of the dark forest surrounding it. Far below, the one-room log cabin belonging to Granny Lou and Gran'pappy Elijah Wilder squatted like a shaggy, gray mushroom on the bank of Dog-leg Creek.

With a sigh Holly straightened up and pushed her black hair off her forehead. Wearily she wiped her hot face on the sleeve of her faded calico. Her muscles ached from standing on the hillside. Leaning on her hoe, she stretched first one short, thin leg and then the other. "Lawdy," she muttered, "I feel as rheumatizy as old Gran'pappy 'Lijah hisself. If I didn't love that old man and his woman like they was my own kin I'd never keep arooting through their corn ary day for 'em."

From further up the hill there came a whistle, an imitation of a redbird's call. "Sugar, sweet, sweet, sweet. Sugar, sweet, sweet, sweet."

Holly glanced quickly up the slope to where her brother, Dan, was resting on his hoe and grinning down at her. "Are you plumb wearied out?" he called. At her nod he came sliding down the hill. "This looking after others' corn and our own, too, shore makes a body's bones ache," said Dan as he stopped beside her.

"Hit shore 'nough does," Holly agreed. "But I'm right proud we can help the Wilders. They'll p'int blank starve if we-all don't make them a corn crop come fall. If their boy Sam had knowed how poorly they'd get I reckon he'd never 'a' gone to Windsor town to work."

"What I'm afeared is that them Cobbs will come down and steal the corn soon as hit's eared," frowned Dan. "They've took nigh all the old folks' property now. Weazel-hearted, that's what they are, a preyin' on gran'people that are too feeblish to say them nay. I—" He broke off as his sister clutched his arm and pointed down the valley. A woman, two tall boys and several small children were coming up the trail that followed the creek.

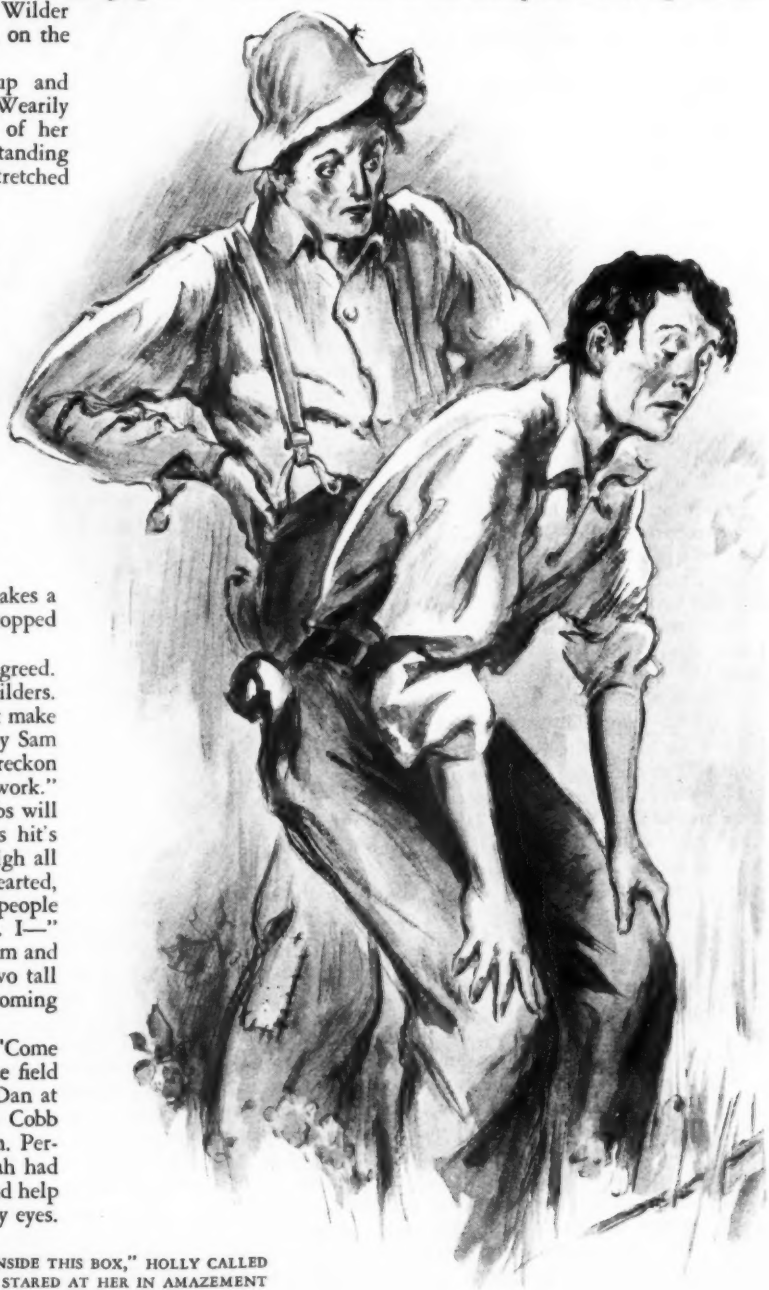
"Missus Cobb," breathed Holly. "Come on." And turning, she darted out of the field and down a trail through the woods, Dan at her heels. Holly felt certain that the Cobb woman would stop at the Wilder cabin. Perhaps she would do as Gran'pappy 'Lijah had said she often did—just walk right in and help herself to things before the owner's very eyes.

At the edge of the forest behind the cabin Holly and Dan paused. No one was in sight.

Keeping well back in the trees the two skirted the yard until they could see the narrow front porch. And there, sitting on two rickety chairs, were the elderly Wilders fast asleep. Down the trail before the house the Cobb children stood, partly concealed by a large boulder.

"Their mammy's likely inside," whispered Dan. "Let's sneak up on her and see what mischief she's up to now."

Back to the rear of the homeplace out of sight of the



"THAR NOW, I GOT YOU. YOU'RE RIGHT INSIDE THIS BOX," HOLLY CALLED OUT IN A HIGH, CLEAR VOICE. THE BOYS STARED AT HER IN AMAZEMENT

watchers in the trail the two slipped. Cautiously they crept up to the door and peered inside. A large, slovenly woman was taking from the bed a worn but still handsome coverlet. On her arm was a basket of berries which Holly recognized as one she had brought to Granny the day before.

Softly the boy and girl stepped inside. "Howdy, Missus Cobb," they chorused.

The woman wheeled, dropping the coverlet. Holly sprang forward and gathered it up in her arms. Mrs. Cobb stared at the two sullenly, her face a deep red. "I—I just come over to borry a few things," she finally said defensively.

Holly smiled. "Hit's been so cold lately I reckon you must need this kiverlid right bad."

Mrs. Cobb glared at her but said nothing. "Wall, I must be going," she at last ventured. But Dan's tall figure blocked the exit, and at the front door the two old people sat in their chairs, sleeping.

"Them's nice berries," Dan drawled casually.

Relieved at the change of subject the woman brightened. "Yes, hain't they! I allowed I'd take my basket and go berrying. And I found all these downcreek a piece."

"Hit was right kind of Granny to loan you the basket I wove for her," put in Holly, looking straight at Mrs. Cobb.

"You wove," exclaimed the woman blankly. "Wall, I'll

be—" But her conversation was suddenly interrupted.

"Howdy, who's in thar?" came a quavering voice and Granny limped to the front door. Like a little gray squirrel she peered in at them.

"Hit's the Stevenses, Granny," said Holly. "We found Missus Cobb here a borrying some things. Did you say she could take your kiverlid?"

"Oh, no, I never, Holly! Oh, she hain't tuk hit away, has she? Not the kiverlid that I made before I was wedded?"

Holly put her arm reassuringly about the tiny figure. "No. Hit's still here, Granny. I allow Missus Cobb won't need hit after all."

The neighbor woman gave a snort of rage, dropped the basket on the table and bolted out the back door, nearly upsetting Dan in her flight.

"Did you-all say that Cobb woman was here ag'in?" shrilled Gran'pappy Elijah as the other three moved out onto the porch. "Dad-burn that woman, I'm agoing after her." And seizing his staff the old man started to rise. But a rheumatic pain caught him and he sank back, tears of helpless anger in his faded eyes. "Gin our boy Sam knowed what troublesome times we're after having, he'd come home and run them Cobbs clean out of Kaintucky," he cried.

"La, but I shore wish we could get notice to Sam," said Holly. "But hit's too longsome a way to travel to Windsor town."

"Fer-why don't we send word by that logging train over in Cricket Creek valley," suggested Dan. "Hit goes out to Windsor town ary few days."

"But hit's right far to that valley—hit must be nigh eight mile," put in Granny. "And I don't feel to have you meeting up with them train creeturs. I've heern tell they be strange beasties and hit's untelling what they might do to a body."

"I oncet was to Cricket Creek," Dan said. "Hit was a sight to the world to see that train. Hit come a-roaring along like a big black bear that had lost her cubs. But hit wouldn't hurt a body lessen you got in hits way."

Holly's dark eyes glowed. "La me, but I'd give a heap to see hit."

"Say, Holly," exclaimed her brother. "You go over yonder tomorrow. Being's I've seed the train I'll stay to home and finish hoeing the patch here." And so it was decided.

By dawn next morning Holly was on the trail, her bare feet feeling their way surely in the dim light. Now the path ran in the creek and cold water splashed onto her knees. Now it clambered up the bank to explore the woods, and rhododendron and laurel blossoms dripped onto her head. "Lawsy, but the woods are jest like one big flower pot this morning," she thought as she sniffed the fresh, sweet air.

Bearing Dan's directions closely in mind Holly swung down Dog-leg until it met Beech Branch. Up Beech she tramped until it forked at the foot of Hang Man's Mountain. There she found a trail leading up the mountain and by midmorning she had reached the ridge top. Down the other side, far below, lay Cricket Creek valley and through it, like a snake, twisted the track of the narrow gauge railroad.

When Holly finally reached the valley her steps lagged. Cautiously she approached the track and bent low to examine the rails and ties. Suddenly a shrill, rather squeaky whistle cut the silence. The girl jumped. "That's the creetur's call," she shivered.

Soon around a bend there chugged a tiny logging train—a mild puppy of an engine whose wagging tail consisted of a small freight car and six empty flats. Holly caught her breath but she forced herself to stand beside the track and wave as Dan had told her to do. The train shrieked its answer and came to



*Illustrations by
Harvé Stein*



GRAN'PAPPY ELIJAH WILDER

a rattly stop and was silent. "Howdy, gal, howdy." A friendly face peered out one side of the engine while a second man leaned out the freight car door. Holly trotted up the track, skirted the engine widely and came up to the car door. The engineer laughed loudly, calling "I allow you never seed a train before. This old hoss won't bite."

Holly grinned and turned to the young man in the car. "Want a ride?" he asked. "No, I come to ask you to take word Outside to Sam Wilder 'bout his mammy 'n' pappy."

"Sam Wilder? Jest who might he be?"

The girl's face fell. Never had it occurred to her that the train men might not know Sam. Outside must be a bigger place than she'd thought. Briefly she explained matters.

"I'll find Wilder if he's around Windsor," the man assured her. "And when Jim Johnson (that's me) says he'll do a thing, he means nit. Now hop in and have a ride up the line."

Half fearful, half delighted, Holly clambered aboard and the engine wheezed ahead. The freight car contained supplies for the lumber camp and for mountain folk along the way. Holly perched on a sack of flour, her eyes wide with wonder as she stared out at the passing scenery. Johnson began sorting supplies in a corner of the car.

"Say, gal," he called out suddenly. "How'd you like a camera? Ever seed one?"

Holly shook her head as she studied the large, old-fashioned box camera.

"Two weeks back a tourist man rode in with me for a day trip. He left this contraption behind. I'll never see him ag'in and I been aiming to give hit to some one. I've got a gal in Windsor that has one of these new-fangled things so I know all about 'em. Here, you hold hit like this. Now p'int hit out the door and look in that glass. See ary thing?"

Holly peered into the finder. "Fer Massy's sake, yon mountain is right in this box. Oh, hit's a charm. I'm afeared. Take hit away." And she pushed the camera at him, her eyes round with fear.

"Shucks, hit ain't magic. Look, here's a picture of my own self that my gal took with a box like this."

Curiously Holly examined the photograph. "Shore 'nough. Hit's you for sartain. Only you look all one color. And I don't see how you shrunk so little."

Johnson threw back his head and laughed. "Leave me show you all about hit," he finally offered.

And while the engine puffed sleepily along, Johnson explained his gift. "There's a roll of film in hit now, but all the pictures have been took saving one," he concluded. "You want to save some money so's some day you can have this film printed in Windsor and buy another. Being's you got jest one picture to take, you oughter look for one as will pleasure you a heap when hit's printed."

After a half hour's ride Holly realized that she must start home and the engineer was signaled to stop. "Thanks be to you for the ride and the picture box," she called as she waved goodbye. Then clasping her gift carefully she walked swiftly back down the track. She glanced often at the box in her arms, half expecting it to perform some weird magic trick at any moment. And as she trudged the weary long trail home her mind was awlirl with ideas for the last snapshot. She considered various views, but rejected them all.

During the next two weeks Holly had no time for picture-taking. No word had come from Sam Wilder. The train man must have been unable to find him in big Windsor town. From sun-up to sun-setting the Stevenses toiled to keep their own and the Wilder corn patch going. Every day either Holly or Dan went down to the old folks' place to hoe and to tote up spring water and wood for them. One night just as Holly was setting cornpone to bake on the hearth for supper she heard Dan's whistle shrilling imperatively. From the door she spied him running up the trail.

"Sam Wilder's come. Sam's here," he panted as he reached the yard.

"Mammy," called Holly. "Mammy, Sam's come!"

Mrs. Stevens, a slender woman with a tired, wistful face came outside. "Norate all about hit, lad," she urged.

"Make haste," cried Holly as they all three crouched down on the steps. "I'm getting the all-overs waiting for you to speak."

"I was chopping wood for Gran'pappy," began Dan, "when into the yard walks the big mountain of a man that calls hisself Sam Wilder. When the old folks seed him they commenced alaughing 'n' acrying like they was plumb out of their skullpieces. After a time Sam asked all about them Cobbs' tricks. Then he give out he'd come to take Granny Lou and Gran'pappy 'Lijah to Windsor town to bide with him. 'But firstways,' says he, 'I'm agoing to make them chicken-hearted, low-living Cobbs give back ary thing of ourn they stole. Now tell me what all you're missing.'"

"When his folks got through naming what they'd lost he says, 'Lordy, I allow I'll have a load. Dan, you want to come along and help tote the loot home? Waal then, you get pappy's old musket in thar, I got my six-shooter and we'll have some fun gin them Cobbs get cantankerous.'"

"Lawsy me," shivered Mrs. Stevens.

"Was there ary shooting?" cried Holly.

Dan ignored her and continued. "Missus Cobb and them big boys, Jack and Hart, was alolling on their porch when we drewed nigh. When they seed us the boys slipped inside and by the time we gets to the porch they was standing in the door. I suspicioned they had guns behind them and my legs felt quare—like they hadn't ary bones in 'em."

"Oh I wish I'd been thar," put in Holly. "But say on."

"'Howdy,' says Sam. His words come slow and deep—like thunder you hear a long ways off but know is acoming your way. 'I jest stopped by to get them things my mammy 'n' pappy loaned you-all.'"

"What things?" snapped the missus. "We hain't never borried offen you-all."

"Then Sam he laughed short-like. 'Scuse me. Hit's my mistake. I mean I've come to collect the property you-all stole from my folks.'"

"At that Jack and Hart reached for their guns, but Sam clapped his hand on his and snapped out, 'I got a six-shooter here. I hain't adrawing lessen you draw first, and I'll have the law on you then for sartain. I've a mind to send the sheriff after you anyways. Outside they put men in the pen for stealing one half what you've tuk from my folks. Now you-all jest step outen that door lessen you want a meal of lead in your innards. Come on, Dan.' An' they stepped out right quick."

"Inside, I commenced gathering up all the things that Sam p'int out as hisn whilst he (Continued on page 42)



GRANNY LOU WILDER



Bender Barges In

By HUBERT EVANS

Illustrations by
Mary Ponton Gardner



IT'S corking of you, Tommy," Donna said, "but I think not. We're not in the market just now; are we, Flo?"

"Not today, thank you," Flo Laurier stated mockingly. Tommy being her favorite cousin, she felt privileged to speak with the crushing frankness a girl of sixteen may use to a boy with whom she has grown up. "Besides," she added, "Don and I've been counting on this canoe trip too long to have it spoiled by an Airedale pup."

"Spoil it?" Tommy echoed. "Why, my Bender'd be the making of any trip! Think of it, you two! A staunch comrade roving the wilderness with you, guarding your camp at night, protecting you on river and portage—"

"Wolfing your bacon as soon as your back's turned," Flo cut in.

"Think of having a loyal and fearless partner," Tommy, who had a notion of some day being an advertising writer, went on without losing his stride. "Think of the solace, the amusement, the—"

"We are thinking of it," his cousin interrupted. "We're thinking of what an irrepressible pup like Bender would do to a loaded canoe." And she glanced not unkindly at the black and tan imp who had thrown himself down on the cool earth under the table before their tent, panting.

Tommy, sitting on the edge of the table, stopped swinging his heels and made argumentative gestures. "I only wish I were going on a canoe trip and someone offered me the loan of Bender. He'd go if I had to tow him on water wings. You girls don't know what you're missing."

"Oh, yes, we do," Flo responded significantly. "Let's not talk about it any more."

Tommy shrugged dolorously. Then, with a pleading glance at the camp's two occupants, he slid from the table and stood before them. "Fact is," he began, "you'd be helping me out if you looked after Bender. Al Pearson and his dad are motoring 'way into Quebec, starting tomorrow. And if I can park Bender with someone I can go along."

"I thought there must be some dark reason for this sudden generosity," Donna exclaimed. She glanced at her chum. "What say, Flo? Shall we be big-hearted?"

"Travel broadens one, so we must do all we can for the child. What does Bender eat? Is he fussy about food?"

"Anything—everything. I mean he's no trouble to feed," the elated Tommy assured them. "He'll prove his worth in gold. Just you watch."

From the first hour they had him, Bender proceeded to fulfill his master's account of him. True to form, he was not only ready but eager to eat anything and everything and not until the girls had put their bacon and butter out of reach and chivvied him out of the tent with a half loaf of bread clamped in his grinning mouth, did Bender give up his search for delicacies. But in spite of Bender's genius for stirring up trouble, Donna and Flo liked him.

"He's such a good-humored clown," the latter said. "Perhaps between us we can teach him manners. What can you expect from a pup who's had only the benighted Tommy to father him?"

"We'll try him out in the canoe when we go across to the Landing," Donna decided, shortly before the mail steamer's whistle shattered the drowsy quiet of their bay. "We've the rest of today and all tomorrow to make him canoe wise. Then on Thursday, rain or shine, dog or no dog, we start to make our dream of a canoe trip, entirely on our own, come true. We've been planning it all summer."

And that was what they thought until, when they were paddling back to camp with their mail, Donna opened the letter addressed to her in Aunt Worthington's masterful hand.

"Listen to this," Donna wailed from the forward thwart:

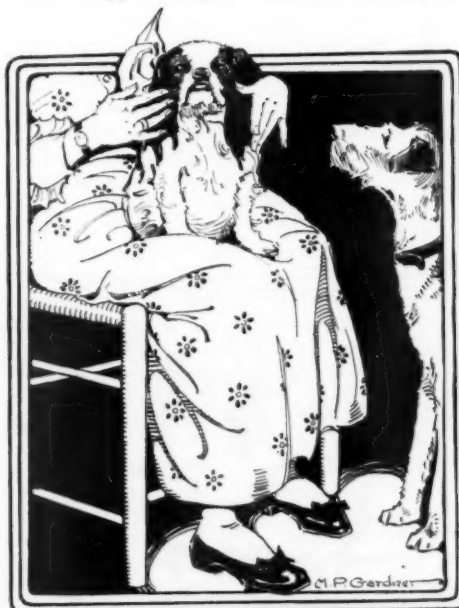
My dear niece:

I was in the city yesterday and saw your mother who told me all about you and Florence having the camp to yourselves this summer. And since I am motoring north I plan to break my journey by being with you for a time.

Although she did not say so, I feel sure your dear mother would like to have assurance from some responsible person that you two are getting on all right. So look for me on the morning boat, Wednesday.

Hastily,
Aunt Worthington

P.S. I shall bring Horace. Motoring wearies the poor dear so and a rest at your camp should do him a world of good. So look for us Wednesday.



"WHY SO CRUSTY, OLD FRUIT?" HIS EYES ASKED

"Horace?" Flo queried wildly, her face suddenly downcast.

"Horace is her pampered half-portion of a spaniel. And there isn't a chance of telling her not to come," Donna went on fiercely. "If only her car would break down or Horace would get violently ill or the steamer go aground coming up the lake tomorrow. But it won't. And if it did, Aunt Worthington would look down her aristocratic nose and order the men to float it immediately and they'd do it. That's the kind she is. She's spoiled our canoe trip and—"

"We're sunk," Flo ended.

For the rest of the paddle home, both of them found a savage satisfaction in watching Bender, who was sprawled amidships, chewing the envelope of Aunt Worthington's letter to a soggy pulp.

Bender was not allowed to go to meet the boat the following day, but after it had steamed out of the bay and he saw the store launch nearing the landing stage in front of camp, he sensed that something unusual was afoot. He could see his two mistresses in the launch. There was a large person with them and, as the launch swung inshore, Bender barked a hearty welcome. He was answered by a series of falsetto yelps.

Bender tugged at his leash but finding that it held, he sat down suddenly. His tousled forehead was puckered. Never in his robust life had he heard a dog whose barks were as puny as those which were answering him from the launch. "No doubt about it, though," he seemed to decide as he sprang up and cocked his ears. "That's a dog of sorts. I'm to have company. Things are beginning to look up."

But a minute or two later, when he saw his visitor at close range, Bender felt he had been

her soulful eyed pet were resting and examine them at close range, looking them over from head to toe.

Aunt Worthington looked at him. And though that particular look had been known to quell grown human beings, Bender did not obey the unspoken command to take himself off. Instead he stood directly in front of her and grinned impishly.

"Why so crusty, old fruit?" his snapping eyes asked.

Aunt Worthington regarded the grinning ruffian with rising disfavor. "So this is the dog you were telling me about, is it, girls? Well, I must say he hasn't been taught his place. Please make him go away. Send him off, girls."

"Off with you, Bender," Florence ordered. With lunch

to get she would be just as well pleased if Bender went over to the lake
(Continued on page 37)



"GIVE THAT STUFFY BIRD THE SLIP AND COME WITH ME."



UP THE PATH WALKED A PURPOSEFUL-LOOKING WOMAN AND, TROTTING BEHIND HER, WAS THE SMALLEST, SILKIEST SPANIEL BENDER HAD EVER SEEN



wrong. He saw the girls coming up the path. With them was a ponderous, purposeful-looking woman and, trotting wheezily behind her, was the smallest and silkiest spaniel he had ever seen.

"Greetings, brother, greetings!" Bender yipped and overturned a chair as he strained at the leash. "Step right up and touch noses with a fella."

"Horace doesn't care for other dogs," he heard the lady say. "Come, dear, and let me lift you into this camp chair."

Though Bender did not understand the words, he sensed a snub in the visitor's tone. And like every member of his rough and ready clan he was not the kind to submit to snubs. So a moment later when Donna un-snapped his leash and with an admonitory pat on the head told him to be a good dog and go and lie down under the trees, his first move was to prance over to the chairs where the lady and



I FANCIED PEOPLE SAYING, "YES, SHE'S THE EDITOR OF THE 'CENTRALIAN,' AND THERE'S DOROTHY GAUNTT WHO'S ALWAYS WITH HER"

"I Am a Girl Who— *thought I could be popular merely by cultivating important people at school, but I found out that reflected glory wasn't enough*"

ALTHOUGH I always was pretty well liked by my own crowd, I was never at all popular outside of it. And I think I know one reason why. Not that I think that, by changing my tactics and doing now what I have decided is the principal requirement, I would be the most popular girl in Central High School! Heavens no, the popularity ballots for the seniors next June probably won't even show that I'm a student in the school.

I'm really awfully systematic about things, so one day shortly after I became a junior—it doesn't seem like a year ago, but it must be—I became conscious that my circle of friends was really very small. So, being systematic, I sat down to analyze things. I listed, in a way which I thought was ruthless, my good and bad points. In one column I had listed such qualities as might tentatively or wholeheartedly be considered in my favor. Such as: good bridge player, fairly good at sports, *good* at tennis—I've won the school tennis cup for girls' singles since then, so you can see I was being honest. Next I put: clever at repartee—I can nearly always give a pointed answer to any remark, and without much hesitating, too. I really should stop being so honest here about my good points—but I'll try to do just as well with the bad ones. Lastly, I put on the list of good traits: not the pretty type, but good looking for the awkward age, and showing signs of some day growing up to the size of my nose. So much, then, for those good points of mine!

And now for the bad traits—do you know that even

Illustration by Brayton Evits

after a year, it is a bit hard to confess that list of bad traits? What illusions of youth! I thought I was

being ruthless! And I wasn't even honest!

That list of bad traits began with: never careful enough about personal appearance—and I wasn't. My hair always looked the way Scatter's must when she starts pulling on that red forelock of hers. Constant reprimands from my mother had failed to convert me to the value of neatness as a personal asset. But sitting there, looking at things pretty badly, I realized that that was one of my biggest faults.

Next I put down: not such a very good loser. I wasn't exactly a rotten loser. I didn't get sulky when I lost a hand at bridge, or a game or a set in tennis. But I did alibi. Thinking things over then, I realized what a frightful bore all my alibis must have been to my friends. They had always kidded me about them, but I was beginning to suspect that they would have liked to tell me point blank to "shut up" every now and then. It was all because I had always hated to admit that I couldn't have succeeded if there hadn't been some bad breaks.

There were a few other things on that list—petty things which probably irked my friends a bit. But I missed the big thing altogether! I don't blame myself, exactly, because I really needed someone to come out point blank and tell me what a snooty, conceited little thing I was. I am rather proud of the fact that I (Continued on page 36)

Tad of the Heart Seven

THEODORA LAFFERTY, better known as Tad, of the Heart Seven

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

ranch, left her boarding school in the East to return to the ranch, because of the ill health of her father, Pat Lafferty. She knew that her father was worried over finances and the fall in the cattle market; and on the way back home she decided to run the Heart Seven as a dude ranch, its first guests to be two school teachers whom she met on the train.

Tad left the two women in Slow Water and prepared to go the rest of the way home by stage to prepare her father and sister, Eugenia, for the dude ranch idea. The storekeeper told her that Battle Hollister, the old stage driver, had disappeared and that the stage had come galloping in, two days before, with the driver's seat empty. There was a new man driving now.

When the stage arrived, coming in at a furious pace, Tad caught onto the back of it, without letting the driver know of her presence. She had been in the habit of doing as she pleased with Battle. On the road, her small dog, which she carried in her pocket, barked shrilly. The stage driver heard him, and coming around to the back of the stage, he mistook Tad for a boy, pulled her from her perch, and threw her into the road.

Tad was furious. She suspected the driver of all sorts of evil—he was rather a sinister looking man. She ran to the top of a cliff, from which she could see the road along which he drove. A few minutes later she watched the stage draw up at some land left to her father by Battle's brother, a prospector, who had died without finding gold. The stage driver appeared to be waiting for someone, and a moment later she saw a man on a gray horse join him.

Tad finally started to walk home, but all of a sudden she smelled wood smoke and frying bacon, and in another minute she came upon a young man in torn and dusty clothes, weary and looking discouraged. She noticed that he had a gun strapped under his sweater. She saw, too, that he continually glanced nervously about him.

"Hello, Vagabond King," greeted Tad. "My name is Theodora Lafferty. Your fire is built wrong. You really don't need that much smoke to cook bacon," she said laughingly.

CHAPTER II

The young man watched admiringly as Tad selected a piece of pine knot and ripped off some of its dry bark, and then, using his proffered knife, slid off long splinters. She soon had a hot, crackling fire in a hollowed-out place in the gully.

"Glory be," she said as she flicked some of the sooty specks of black out of the frying pan, "you have plenty of bacon for me and the hungry little pooch."

He looked down at the small dog, who had taken up his stand with his head cocked optimistically toward the sizzling bacon. "Are you sure that's a dog?"

"Vest-pocket edition," answered Tad, "and rather a limp leather binding just now, owing to his strenuous day. I got him one

evening in Slow Water. There was a troop of actors there and at one part in the play

this dog was supposed to bark, and he wouldn't bark. He's stubborn that way; he always barks when he ought not to and keeps still when he ought to. Didn't he keep me in hot water at school where I wasn't supposed to have a dog? These actors left town and just left him behind. And I found him whimpering behind Elm Jones' store and he looked so little and shivery that I annexed him. And now I think so much of him! The last thing at night I reach out and touch him and—"

"And he thumps his tail when you talk to him, and just seems instinctively to know whether you feel up in the clouds or down in the dumps," he agreed understandingly. "There's nothing like a dog—"

"Turn the bacon, Vagabond King," warned Tad, "before it curls up in a knot. I hate to appear gluttonous but have you, by any chance, some bread to eat with the bacon?"

"It was a loaf of bread when I started," he answered a little apologetically as he produced a loaf quite out of shape from being carried in the improvised knapsack.

They sliced it as best they could with his knife and ate it with the bacon. Even though the bacon was burnt at the edges and tasted more strongly of smoke than bacon should, even though the bread had a few crumbs of tobacco that had to be flicked off, Tad had never tasted anything so delicious. She reached in her pocket and carefully divided



THEY ROLLED THE SLEEPING MAN IN THE HEAVY BLANKET AND VAGABOND CARRIED



Illustrations by
Frank
Spradling

the gingersnaps in three parts; Nuisance devoured his in as many gulps as there were snaps, but Tad and the young man munched theirs while they sat back and watched the pine knot burn low.

The man shivered a little and drew closer to the fire. His sweater was not so warm as Tad's lumberjack; he had no gloves, and his shoes were never intended for tramping through rough and rocky foothills.

"Where are you heading with your knapsack on your back?" Tad asked him.

"I don't know," he said shortly. "No place in particular."

He looked up with a start as a rabbit crashed through the underbrush at the foot of the gully.

"You're hiding out in these foothills, aren't you?" she asked bluntly.

He looked at her searchingly, as though he were weighing her, appraising her. "I don't want anyone to know I'm here," he said. "That's why I was sorry to find out you were a girl. Maybe it's asking too much but I—I hope you won't

tell. For reasons of my own, I'd like to hide a little longer."

Tad studied him in return. He had a nice smile; and she couldn't help remembering the way he had unconsciously given her the least burned bit of bacon, the piece of bread most resembling a slice.

"Do you mean you're in trouble?"

"Yes. I'll tell you this much, Miss Tad. I left the train rather hurriedly a couple of days ago. And I have just eighty-seven cents—"

"How would you like a job on the Heart Seven?" she asked.

"I can't ride well enough for a cowpuncher job," he said. "Gosh, I wish I could."

"Well, if you want a job—"

"I do," he assured her earnestly. "Doing anything."

"You can have a job of roustabout on the Heart Seven."

"Roustabout?"

"Yes, and it's just as it sounds, Vagabond. All the jobs that are too mean for anyone else to do, the roustabout has to do. You have to chop wood because the cowboys feel they're above that, unless they're calling on a pretty girl homesteader. And Tasty, the cook, will have you peel potatoes and scrub the bean pot after the beans have scorched in it. You'll be butler to the pigs. And we hope to have dudes and dudines and you'll have to carry their baggage."

"Is that all?" he asked gravely.

"Just one thing more. The roustabout has to take the blame for everything. But I didn't want to scare you out."

He looked at her strangely. "Are you sure you want to hire me, when you don't know anything about me? You don't even ask my name."

"Don't you want to tell me?"

"No. I'd rather not."

Tad looked at the fire, smoldering now; she looked off across the plains that lay to the west of these hills. "People don't ask an awful lot of questions out here on the prairies," she said soberly. "Names don't mean so much. Dad always asked just two questions to every hand he hired—he never bothered about recommendations, because he always said, 'The bigger the crook, the better the recommendation.' His first question was, 'Have you ever killed anyone?'"

The young man hesitated. "No, but I'd like to."

Tad grinned, "And so would I. Every time I think of that stage driver chucking me out in the road and planting his hob-nailed boot on me, I see red."

"You mean the stage driver kicked you off? Weren't there any other passengers?"

"No." Tad proceeded to tell him about him, told him about the stage stopping and the man going over to the old Lost Hope mine.

He listened with only a thoughtful, "H'm." Finally he roused from his abstraction to ask, "And what was your dad's second question?"

"'Would you cheat a friend?' That was the other one."

He answered this without an instant's hesitation. "I never have, Tad, and I don't believe I ever will. You needn't worry."



HIM OUTSIDE TO THE WAGON AND MADE HIM COMFORTABLE

"Very well, me lad. Vagabond King is your name and you're hired as roustabout on the Heart Seven. Just now," she admitted, "things are at sixes and sevens, what with Pat Lafferty being hurt by that Ripper mare, and not able to get around, and the price of beef so low you'd think the whole world had turned vegetarian. And on top of all that, an old thin-necked slicker named Schultz is trying to get Dad into a corner."

The newly-named Vagabond King put out his hand. "Thanks, Tad, for trusting me," he said. "I'd begun to think this western hospitality was a myth until I met you."

Together they stamped out the remaining embers of fire. It was growing dusk now—a dusk hurried on by gathering clouds. "Half-way house is about two miles on," Tad said.

"Let's hurry and we'll try and get a couple of horses to ride to the Heart Seven before that approaching storm catches us."

It was dusk when they covered the remaining distance to Half-way. The weary stage horses, too tired to graze yet, were in the first pasture. The place seemed quiet, deserted. Tad knocked at the door. There was no answer though Tad's keen ears heard someone moving about.

Tad looked curiously at the place. Boards had been nailed over the bottom part of the windows. Tad knocked again, called out, "Fanella. Fanella—it's Tad."

Yes, someone was moving about inside. A rasping sound as of a bolt being shoved back came to their ears. The door opened a slit and Fanella's thin frightened face peered out.

"What's the idea, Fanella?" Tad asked. "Afraid of bandits or a pack of wolves, or what?"

Fanella stared at them and Tad saw that her hands trembled against the side of the door. "Yes, wolves. I'm so afraid. Some wolves came clear down to the house last night—"

"Why, Fanella," scoffed Tad, "you know there aren't wolves around here. Of course, last winter Octave did say there was one wolf that got a few of our calves, but your father trapped him. There's nothing to be afraid of now!"



"OW-EEE, LET 'IM BUCK!" YELLED TAD AS SHE PULLED OFF HER HAT AND SLAPPED JOSEPHUS

"It was wolves," repeated Fanella, her eyes wide. "One—one of them—even—" her teeth were chattering,—"even—came clear up to the door. Look—look—you can see where he scratched on the door—"

Tad and Vagabond turned their eyes to the heavy, unwieldy door. Sure enough, there were a few scratches on it.

"Where's your father, Fanella?"

"I don't know. You know how he is. Sometimes he stays away for days looking at traps. I am so afraid. And now it is getting dark," she said fearfully. "If only the door would shut tight."

"Don't you want to come over to the Heart Seven?" Tad asked kindly. "Though I think you just imagine there are wolves around."

"I can't leave," said Fanella hopelessly. "Someone has to be here because of the stage horses. Tonight I

will push the table up before the door, and then I'll be safe. What did you want, Tad? Can I do something for you?"

"I want to get my bridle and saddle and go down and catch Josephus and rope another horse, if I can, for Vagabond here," Tad answered, turning to look at her companion.

To her surprise she saw that his face in the dusk was an ashen pallor. His eyes were riveted on the scratched spot on the door which Fanella claimed had been made by a wolf. Vagabond spoke to Fanella for the first time. "Do you mean your father is out trapping now? Will he try to catch the wolf, do you think?"

"Oh, I hope he catches it," breathed Fanella with a shudder.

For two, perhaps three minutes, they stood there—Fanella, her black eyes full of fear in her pale face; Vagabond, tense as he stared at the scratched door; and Tad, puzzled and baffled, with little Nuisance whining softly under her arm. And it seemed that, in those minutes while they stood silent, the prairie sun slipped down behind old Sombrero Mountain and its hovering black clouds, and with the sun's going the gray chill of night and of a threatening storm was in the air. (Continued on page 46)

Warm Days and Cool Fruit

FRUIT at every meal"—this ought to be written out and hung as a motto in every kitchen. The

By WINIFRED MOSES

rule isn't so difficult to observe during the fruit season when there is plenty of fresh fruit to be had and when most people seem to have a natural craving toward a fruit diet. But it should be observed in winter, too, for fruit is important to health in cold weather as well as in warm.

Probably you are already converted to the idea of beginning breakfast with a fruit. Therefore, except to mention in passing, that it may be wise to introduce variety, even in the breakfast fruits—using fresh fruits and berries in season and reserving orange and grapefruit and the dried and canned fruits for the times and seasons when other fruits are scarce—I shall omit talking of breakfast fruits, and pass on to fruits in the luncheon and dinner menus.

Fruit is not only less expensive when in season but also is, generally speaking, of a much finer flavor than when it has been obliged to travel long distances and to ripen on the way in order to appear at your tables. Fruit should be served—and this stands for other foods as well—*au naturel*, and as often as possible, without cooking. It saves time, labor and fuel. Of course, if the garden is overloaded and it is impossible to eat all it produces while fresh, or if you have bought an extra supply, then to keep the fruits or vegetables from spoiling, by all means cook or can them or make them into jellies, jams or preserves. It is important, too, to serve fruit in new and attractive ways.

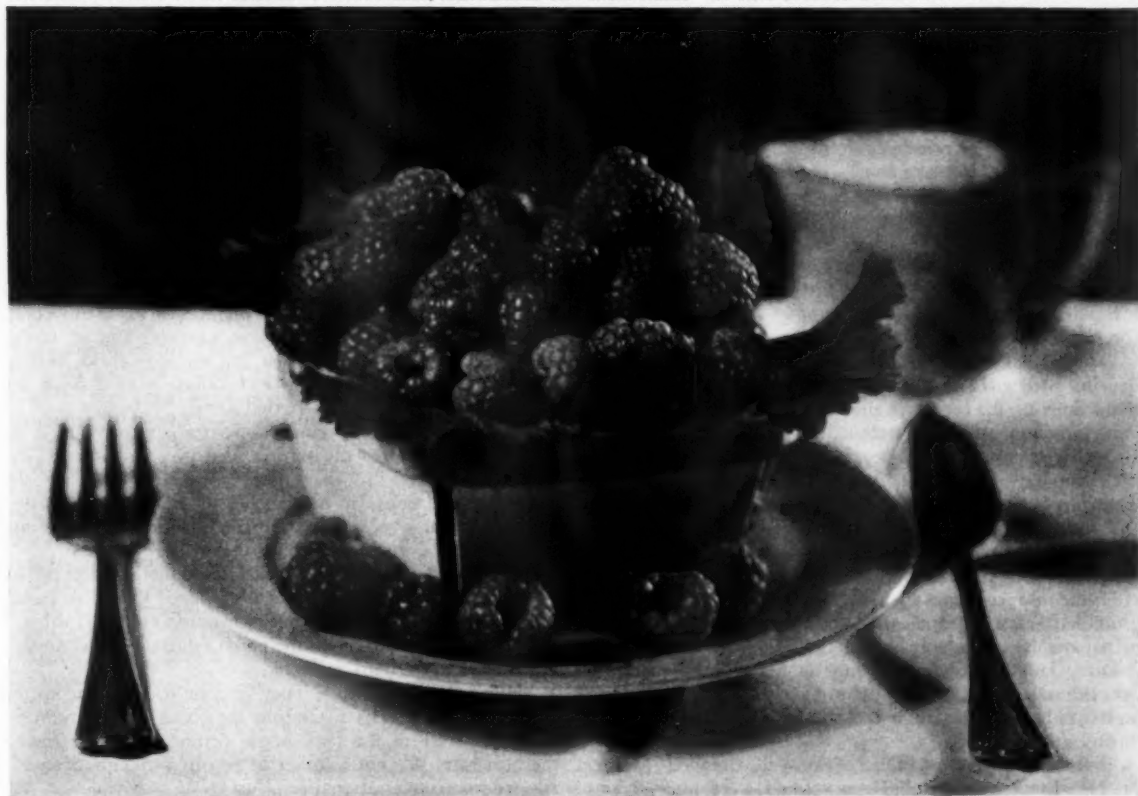
This should reach you before the end of June, and I hope before the strawberry and the cherry season has

passed. At the college from which I was graduated, it was the custom for the staff to serve breakfast to the

Seniors on the Sunday morning before the baccalaureate sermon. The breakfast always began with fresh pineapple and strawberries, strawberries from the garden. The berries were washed, but the hulls were left on. The pineapples were not peeled, but a slice was cut from the bottom. Then, with a fork, the eyes were pulled one by one from the core. In the meantime someone had made a two-inch cone by cutting off a triangular corner of a sheet of stiff white working paper. The sides bounding the right angle of this triangle thus made were one and a half to two inches long. The overlapping edges of the cone were pasted or pinned together, and the base was trimmed off so that it would set flat on a plane surface. The cone was then packed with powdered sugar and inverted on one edge of the fruit plate. Then the paper was removed, and there was the sugar, shaped like a smooth white cone. The strawberries were arranged in a mound at one side of the cone and the eyes of the pineapple at the other. Then the fruit was lifted with the fingers, dipped into the sugar and eaten—which of course meant that finger bowls were a part of the table service.

The French serve fresh berries—strawberries, raspberries or blackberries—in tiny baskets lined with fresh green leaves. Sometimes these baskets are merely little rounds of plaited straw folded to make a sort of cornucopia. Since these straw mats are not available in this country, I sometimes use little square baskets, like the one in the illustration, and sometimes the tiny market (Continued on page 44)

THE FRENCH SERVE FRESH BERRIES—STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES OR BLACKBERRIES—IN TINY BASKETS LINED WITH FRESH GREEN LEAVES



A new story of Scatter

By LESLIE

CATERPILLARS," said Scatter decisively, "ought to make better bait than worms."

"But," replied Man o' War mildly, "I like worms better. They're smoother."

And the long, lank child cast her line overboard again and resumed her unblinking gaze at its ring of ripples. She was crouched in the bow of our old Tin Tub, while the rest of us lay back at our ease, finding it rather pleasant to have nothing to do but drift in the sunshine, that pleasant August afternoon. It was that Wednesday in late summer, which belonged, by all the laws of tradition, to our hard-working councillors up at Panther, and after lunch they had departed for parts unknown in the camp truck, leaving us to the mercy of the Management for the afternoon and evening. And, as usual, the Management's mercy was taking the form of a free afternoon—easy for them—to be followed by a fancy dress ball in the evening.

So here were the five of us, Scatter and Marge and Dizzy and I, and Scatter's young shadow, Man o' War, making the most of a priceless afternoon, while reviling the thought of the evening to come.

"My conscience!" spoke up Scatter, "I think fancy dress parties are just plain poisonous! Who in the world invented them in the first place?"

"Ma Panther, of course," answered Marge, our pessimistic roommate, pulling a pond lily toward her and sniffing it loudly. "She wouldn't let the summer get by without one, for anything."

"Well," said Scatter, contemplatively, "I don't mind dancing with girls in my own clothes—much. And I don't mind dressing up for plays and charades—much. But I do mind dressing up like a nuthatch, to dance with a lot of girls all gotten up regardless. It's silly."

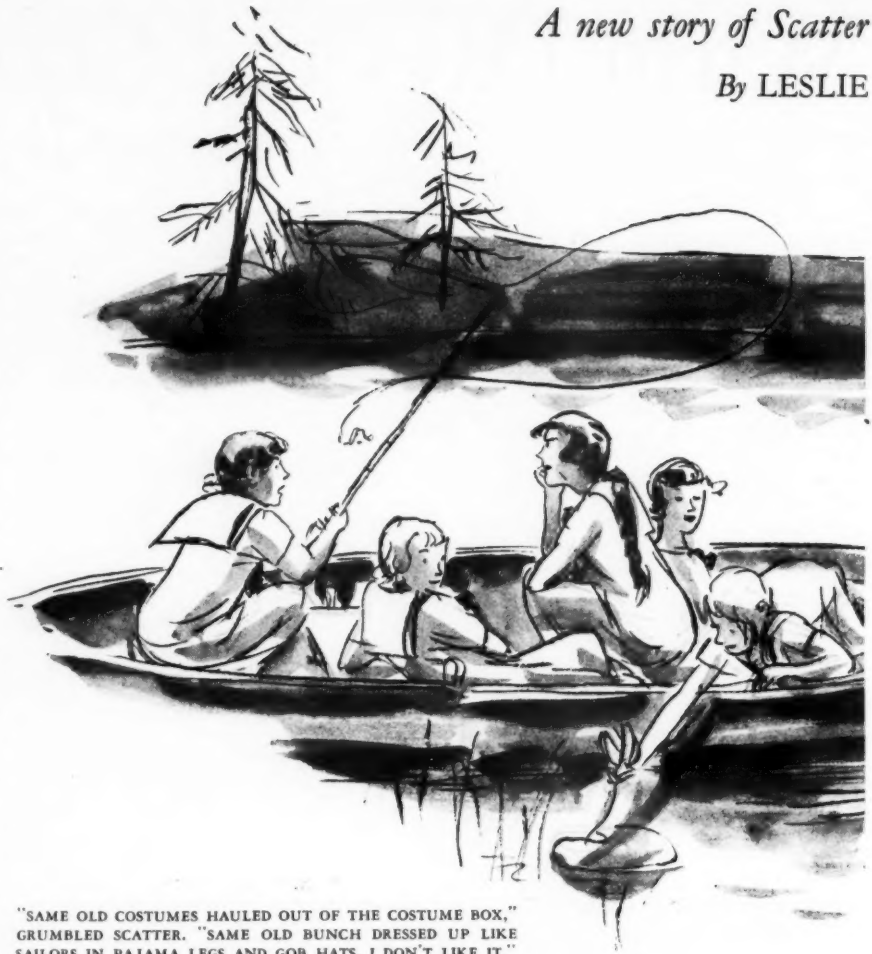
Scatter has ideas. We had mostly taken the annual masquerade as a necessary evil of camp, along with mosquitoes and the early morning dip. In our younger days we had found it rather exhilarating and pleasurable, but after three years in camp it really palled.

"Same old costumes hauled out of the costume box," grumbled Scatter. "Same old bunch dressed up like sailors in pajama legs and gob hats. I don't like it."

Dizzy laughed. She was lying on her stomach hanging over the stern of the boat, watching her reflection float along underneath her. She laughed again, finding the effect distorting and pleasing.

"What's the matter, Diz? Seasick?" drawled Marge.

"No, I'm not seasick," Dizzy's tones were muffled and



"SAME OLD COSTUMES HAULED OUT OF THE COSTUME BOX," GRUMBLED SCATTER. "SAME OLD BUNCH DRESSED UP LIKE SAILORS IN PAJAMA LEGS AND GOB HATS. I DON'T LIKE IT."

choked. "I'm wondering if Scat would hate the masquerade if there were real sailors for her to dance with. Lieutenant Pond, for instance."

Dizzy sat up and grinned at Scatter, whose admiration for the exploits of that lone naval flyer had passed all bounds that summer. Each new account of his daredevil flights had proved more intriguing to her than the last, and if Marge and I had not been firm with her, she would have papered the walls of our Loon Attic with pictures of his manly countenance, smiling and frowning, in uniform and in mufti.

Scatter ignored Dizzy's thrust, but the long child, Man o' War, gave a surprised hiccup and looked around from her fishing with the air of a startled fawn.

"What's the matter, child?" Scatter appeared glad of the chance to change the subject.

"That's where the councillors are going—Oooh," she broke off, and began to haul in her line. She was rewarded with a prize of a baby perch, a dismal flapping young thing, over which she yearned with loving pride.

"That's not ripe yet. Give it back to its mother, and tell us what you know about the councillors, ape! I tried to pump Cappy about their trip today but she wouldn't tell me a thing."

Man o' War parted with the perch reluctantly and threaded another worm onto her hook.

"Huh? Oh, councillors. They've gone to Rockland to see Lieutenant Pond. His sister told me about it this morning when we were in the tank house printing the pictures of the boat race. We got a corker of you in Tin Tub, Scatter," she added conversationally. "Just wait 'til you see it."

at camp again

C. WARREN

Caterpillars



Illustrations by
Helen Hokinson

But Scatter thrust this remark aside, brusquely. Turning around on her seat, she eyed her protégée with a piercing gaze.

"Put that loathly worm down and explain yourself, my girl. What do you mean by the councillors and Lieutenant Pond?"

Man o' War swallowed meekly and obeyed her mentor.

"He's her brother, you know, and his ship came into Rockland yesterday, and they've gone to call on him today. She's hoping that he'll ask them all to supper on board."

Scatter sank to the floor of the boat, a crumpled heap.

"I wish I were a crow's egg," she groaned. Sure sign she was in the depths of despair when she broadcast that lament. Suddenly she bounced up wrathfully, her fiery red hair standing on end like a halo.

"Man o' War, look here, are you kidding me? Because if you are—well, pink and yellow fungi in your bed will be the least of what happens to you, my good woman. Now tell us, do you honestly mean that our Miss Pond, that meek, worthy, and boresome woman, the only councillor we've ever had who is not a Panther born and bred, is the sister of Lieutenant William Pond, the famous navy flyer?"

Scatter spoke with emphasis that was not to be denied.

Man o' War nodded vigorously.

"I like Miss Pond," she defended her photographic friend stoutly, "even if she never was a real Panther before she came as a councillor. She's been good to me this summer."

"That's all right," spoke up Dizzy, "but why didn't she tell us about her brother. That's one thing for her to be proud of, at least. You'd think she'd say something about him."

"Guess she was afraid you'd laugh at her," I said. "Heaven knows that none of us has been very decent to her this summer, except Man o' War."

"But she's so worthy," groaned Scatter. "I can't bear worthy people. And besides that, she turns her toes up when she walks."

For a few moments we brooded in silence on our evil lot, and Man o' War resumed her watchful waiting over the fish line. It really was tough luck. Our councillors off on a battleship with the hero of the whole Navy, while we down-trodden mortals faced the ordeal of a female masquerade in the all too imminent future.

Suddenly Scatter broke forth.

"That settles it. I'm not going to spend the evening dancing at a silly girls' masquerade while Cappy, and Mac and that worthy woman Pond are disporting themselves on a battleship."

"What are you going to do about it?" drawled Marge. "You might kid the Doctor into letting you spend the night in the infirmary. You haven't a prayer of getting out of going to it otherwise."

"You wait," answered Scatter, twisting her forelock round and round. "There's more than one way of skinning a cat. Frosty, I need a partner. Whom are you going with tonight?"

"Sally, of course," I answered. Typical of Scatter not to have a partner at the last minute, and also typical of her to forget that it was tradition for the two Captains, Ragged and Hatcher, to lead the grand march on these occasions.

"We'll barge along the same as usual, I guess," I continued. "Sally will be the girl and I will be the man. Nothing to write home about."

Scatter laughed in an evil manner and winked at Marge.

"I forgot," she chuckled. "There's a surprise in store for you, my girl, but I'll never tell. Neither will Marge."

Then forgetting me and my partner, she turned upon Man o' War once more.

"Man o' War," she snapped at that inoffensive young one, "you're going to be my partner tonight. Oh, yes you are, my child. I don't care if you were going to go with Lovepuff. I'll find someone else for her. Now this is the point. You aren't keen on dancing, neither am I. Neither is Marge nor Dizzy. So we are going to bet them that we can go to the party tonight and stay there all evening without dancing once and without being recognized. Come on, Marge, what'll you bet? Seconds on ice cream for the rest of the summer. How about it?"

Scat was all het up with her bright idea, but Marge refused to be stampeded.

"Don't be so dumb," she answered. "Imagine going to any party that Ma Panther is running and not dancing. Girl, you'll have to dance tonight even if you and Man o' War come as accident cases with your feet in splints."

I couldn't quite see what Scatter's game was, myself. But Dizzy caught on to the idea at once.

"Come on, Marge," she cried. "We'll take them on and beat them at their own game. I don't mind saying that extra seconds on ice cream for the rest of the summer sounds good to me. I've got a knobby idea for a costume. No one will ever recognize us and it's a bet that we won't be able to dance."

Marge remained uncertain, but was willing to be shown, and Scat was in a fever heat.

"Reel up that line there, you Man o' War," she commanded. "We've got to go home and get busy if we're going to be ready for the party on time. Now everybody swear

by every moon and yonder star not to tell anybody about the bet until after the party is over. We don't want the howling mob interfering with our plans."

"Let me tell Sally," I begged. "As long as we're going as partners it would be fun for her to know about it."

Scatter laughed grimly.

"All right, tell Sally, and may it be some comfort to you, old dear. You and she can judge who wins the bet, if there is enough left of you by the time the evening is over."

This last remark turned out to be too true to be funny. For when we came ashore from old Tin Tub, I found our esteemed Mother Panther waiting for me, with Sally beside her, well in hand.

Ma Panther is an enthusiast. In the winter she teaches dancing classes, innumerable dancing classes, in three or four different cities. In the summer she runs our camp to the queen's taste, and my word but she is full of pep. At the present moment I could tell by her extra sprightly manner that she was just tickled to death with herself.

"Well," she chortled, just bursting with vim and vigor, "you and Sally are going to give everyone a surprise at the party tonight. You've always gone to the parties as a boy, Frosty, and Sally has always been a girl. Don't you think it would be a lark for you to change places for this once?"

"No," said I.

"No, ma'am," said Sally.

We might as well have tried to push the wind backward. Ma Panther laughed just as gleefully as if we had accepted her invitation, and from that moment on I was too busy and unhappy to give Scatter and her affairs more than passing consideration.

Sally is naturally one of those kind, tactful, gentle, feminine girls. She is an awfully good captain, but shy and self-effacing, while I am quite the opposite. It simply wouldn't have entered our heads, or anyone else's for that matter, that we could go to the party in any other order than me as man and Sally as girl. But Ma Panther thought it was a funny joke to change us around—why I don't know—and by the time assembly was blown for the grand march, we were as forlorn a couple as you could have found in seven counties.

Sally was wearing an evening suit, long cast off by Ma Panther's favorite brother, iron front, stiff collar and all. She looked simple and I told her so. But her misery was as nothing compared to mine. I was made up like an actress, high French heels, spangled tulle frock, and rouge slathered on my face an inch thick. My short boyish bob was marcelled into tight crimps, and as we led the march into the Camp House, I felt ashamed of my looks.

Sally had been told about the bet that was on between my two roommates, and as we circled the room we watched out for outlandish characters that might not be expected to dance. Immediately behind us were two ghoulis figures, clad in nothing but bandages from head to foot. The Doctor must have put in a busy hour or so getting them up. They were unrecognizable, but they had no impediment to dancing.

"They're not in on the bet," we decided.

Behind them were two hula hulas with hay aprons which they must have pinched from the field next to the baseball diamond, and behind them was the usual array of sailors,

Gold Dust twins, and farmers with their wives. Everyone looked, not only able, but eager to dance, and Sally and I began to get rather intrigued over our friends.

It wasn't until we had gone clear around the hall and were marking time at the entrance, waiting for the end of the procession to pass us that we saw anything that looked unable to dance in a normal way. They were the last couple in line and as soon as they entered, Sally and I poked each other.

"There's one pair of them," I whispered as they went gingerly by us. "See that couple in the barrel."

We couldn't tell which pair they were, but they surely made a laughable sight. The two of them were inserted into one barrel which they held in place with their finger tips. They had pulled bathing caps down over their faces in which eyeholes had been cut, and it was obvious that bathing suits were their only garments besides the barrel.

"I'll bet that's Scat," giggled Sally as they marched along, one behind the other, keeping step, as nice as you please.

"Well, mebbe," I answered. "But if it is, where in the world are Marge and Diz. That's the last couple in line."

But I was wrong there. The barrel twins were not the last couple in line. As they marched into the room and past the library table we started after them, and suddenly, from the shadow of the table, there emerged at our feet a most alarming and remarkable spectacle. Two enormous caterpillars, such as are common in the woods in summer, came crawling out, and slowly and laboriously added themselves to the tail of the procession in the wake of the barrel twins.

One of them was gray with tufts of rock lichen all over its body, and great red and black eyes in its head. The other was green with yellow eyes, tufts of white pine for eyebrows, and little feelers of ground pine growing out of its loathly mouth. In profound silence they wormed their difficult way across the floor, and when they reached the far end of the room by the stage, they lay inert upon the ground, helpless in the long cambric bags which formed their costumes.

"That's Scatter, sure," I gurgled to Sally, as soon as I could speak plainly for laughing. "Isn't she a nut?"

"Well, I dunno," Sally disagreed with me. "Somehow I think that Scat would be more apt to take to a barrel. It looks like her, kind of. Anyhow it's a safe bet that those caterpillars will never be able to dance unless they get undressed first, and no one will recognize them either."

That was true enough, the caterpillars certainly couldn't dance, but the barrel twins didn't get off so easily. After Ma Panther had the party well in hand, she considered their problem, and before you could as much as murmur "Jack Robinson," in the good old fashioned way, she had the gentleman of the pair (you could tell him by the pipe in his mouth) turned around so that he faced his partner, and off they had to dance, barrel and all.

Someone had won the bet as far as dancing was concerned, but so far it was impossible to tell which couple it was.

Well, we staggered along as well as might be expected, and my feet were beginning to feel as if they were hitched to my neck, when Ma Panther stepped to the middle of the floor and made an announcement.

"Everyone follow me to the beach," (Continued on page 48)

"SOMEONE STUMBLED HEADLONG OVER US"



By HAZEL
RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor,
Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by
Katherine
Shane
Busbnell*



BE CAREFUL IN SELECTING
YOUR SOAPS AND CREAMS

*Announcement of
winners in the
recent "What is
a Good Looking
Girl?" contest ap-
pears in this issue*

Aids to Good Looks

HAVING made up your mind—as every girl must—to be good looking, and having apportioned your time to your methods, the next thing to do, it seems, is to think about your tools. Nothing can really be accomplished unless the urge is translated into action. You can't take a bath, for example, without soap and water. And though you may brush your hair faithfully all day, if your brush is inferior you are more or less wasting your effort.

Tools for good looks may be divided into two kinds—the impermanent and the permanent. By impermanent I mean preparations which are used up in time and replaced, such as soap or toothpaste. By permanent, naturally I don't mean for all eternity, but the word indicates the more or less lasting investment in good tools such as fine hair brush, comb or flexible steel file.

It really doesn't matter which we talk about first, but the impermanents mean a smaller outlay of money and more chances to correct our mistakes, so let's begin with them.

The first thing that you need and the thing that you probably use in greatest quantity is soap—soap for your bath, soap for your frequent hand-washings and usually soap for your face at least once a day. Choose a pure bland soap which agrees with your skin. A soap to be right for you should cleanse perfectly and leave the skin pleasantly soft. If a soap stings on your skin, reddens it unduly or makes it feel taut, that soap is not for you, and you should try another brand.

There is another cleanser which every girl needs and needs every day—tooth paste or tooth powder. A good tooth paste or powder, like a good soap, cleanses perfectly without irritation and its work is helped along immeasurably by a good tooth brush, or rather two tooth brushes.

The cleanser for the hair may be the same soap that you use generally or it may be a special type. Olive oil is a favorite ingredient in shampoo soaps and tar and cocoanut oils are also commonly used. Shampoo soaps come in liquid, powder or cake form.

If you want your skin to be soft and lovely as well as clean, you should not overlook the importance of a cream or lotion as a protective against sun or wind burn or chapping, and for its soothing pleasant relief from unfortunate exposure to sun, wind or extreme cold.

Here again your preferences and the reactions of your skin will help you to decide what's best to choose. You can

if you like, use a cold cream, which is made on a mineral oil base as are the liquefying cleansing creams. Or you can use a heavier, oilier so-called tissue or night cream or skin food—which may contain lanolin or vegetable oils. The oilier creams are generally used at night, as they are not so pleasant to see on the skin. Most young skins, being more or less normal, do not seem to need heavy creams, and have learned to depend for protection on a bit of cold cream or on one of the pleasant creamy skin lotions of which there are several on the market.

Most lotions have a double use—being equally beneficial to hands and to faces. One of the old formulas is rose water and glycerine which has healed more than one generation of small chapped hands. Glycerine is a common ingredient in skin preparations and seems to be of benefit to the majority of skins. For hands which are badly out of condition a very oily cream should be used at night, or there's nothing better than a good soaking in warm olive oil.

Girls who like to be brown-bodied but not burned have discovered that rubbing themselves with oil before sun exposure will do the trick. Any oil—olive or mineral. If by accident you get a bad sunburn, you should treat it as you would any severe burn. Minor burning or chapping should be treated immediately with a little oil—use a bit of cold cream or cleansing cream before you wash your face. Calomine lotion—a fine powder liquid which you can buy at the drug store—is a cooling, soothing thing to use for summer irritations such as heat rash, bites or mild sunburn.

Powder is an invaluable aid to comfort, especially in hot weather. Talcum and body powder keep you cool, help dry perspiration and prevent chapping. Some of them have ingredients which make them deodorant; that is, eliminate any unpleasant perspiration odors. Face powder is considered one of the rewards of growing up. It gives the pleasant touch of good grooming to the face besides protecting and soothing it. Those who use it should see that it is fine-textured, of good quality and a becoming shade.

The Contest Winners

Many entries came in for the "When Is a Girl Good Looking?" Contest and we are convinced by the interest shown among our readers in the (Continued on page 45)



AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE YOU SEE SOME PENNSYLVANIA GIRL SCOUTS AT CAMP MEDIA, BRINGING IN LOGS FOR THEIR CAMPFIRE. NOTICE IN THE FOREGROUND THE SMALL TIN CAN STOVE YOU READ ABOUT IN OUR LAST YEAR'S TIN CAN COOKERY ARTICLE

THE BUCKET BRIGADE AT CAMP ALICE CHESTER—THE CAMP OF THE MILWAUKEE COUNTY GIRL SCOUTS—HAS REGULAR DRILLS TO PREPARE THE GIRLS FOR ANY EMERGENCY. THIS IS THE VIKING UNIT—EFFICIENT-LOOKING, AREN'T THEY? (ABOVE)



Happy Da

*At last they have
long summer days
swimming and
riding all sorts of
sleeping, sometime
so much as a*

THIS COOL CAVE (BELOW) AT VAN DE GRAFF FALLS, SURROUNDED BY FRAGRANT PINES, MAKES A FINE SITE FOR A PRIMITIVE CAMP FOR THE OKLAHOMA GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS

Days in Camp

*have come around again, those
r days that mean freedom for
nd riding and hiking, for cook-
of things on camp stoves, and
netimes, in the open without
a tent top to hide the stars*



IT IS FUN TO BUILD A STONE STOVE LIKE THIS (ABOVE)—AT LEAST THESE GIRLS THINK SO. THEY ARE AT THE NATIONAL GIRL SCOUT CAMP, CAMP ANDREE, BRIARCLIFF, NEW YORK



THIS GIRL SCOUT OF WASHINGTON IS DECORATING HER TIPI WITH HER OWN DESIGNS. WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN SHE WAS SKETCHING AN OUTLINE IN PENCIL BEFORE PAINTING IT



REFORESTATION IS AN IMPORTANT JOB—AND GIRL SCOUTS EVERYWHERE ARE HELPING IN THE PROJECT BY PLANTING AND CONSERVING YOUNG TREES WHEREVER THEY POSSIBLY CAN

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

OUR STAR REPORTER this month is Jane Calvelage of Indianapolis. She writes about a happy evening at Camp Dellwood.

"The reason so many girls like to come to the Indianapolis Girl Scouts' Camp Dellwood is because we have so many unusual kinds of amusements," Jane writes, "overnight hikes, costume balls or something else equally as interesting or exciting going on all the time.

"One of the best times we had at camp this summer was when we had to 'run for our supper.' We went up to the mess hall as usual, expecting to find the tables set and our meal waiting for us—but all we found was a scrawl which ran something like this:

Dear Girls,

Do hurry. Some bold kidnapers have come and are loading the supper on the truck and are planning to take us cooks with them. If you don't hurry you may never see us again. Oh!!!

"We all hurried to the door and sure enough, there was the camp truck disappearing behind a hill on the mess hall road, driven by the most ferocious looking pirate you ever saw. There were other banditti in the rear of the truck, and some of the younger campers were actually worried. We soon calmed their fears, though.

"We all hurried after the truck, and after an exciting chase all over camp, the kidnapers seemed to give up hope, for the truck stopped and they jumped out, prepared to defend their find with daggers. However, they were overwhelmed by the girls, and when we got close enough to see, whom should we behold but our beloved councillors in those disreputable disguises!

"Well, we all 'fell to' and devoured our hard-won supper with much greater voracity than if we hadn't seemed so very near to losing it."

WITH the first full month of summer vacation, everyone's eyes turn to camp. Girls who have been to camp before long to return to familiar scenes and friendships, and those who haven't, wait with expectation for their initiation into the joys of camp life. We have lots of interesting letters this month from Girl Scouts telling us about activities that have been carried on at the different camps they have attended. They all seem to have had a good time, and little wonder that they did, what with all

After the group had been organized into patrols and the business attended to, a number of girls, training for their First Class Badges, took their lunches and started on a tramp through the woods and down the beach, laying a trail for our group to follow, which is one of the requirements for the First Class Badge. After lunch we all hiked back to the house and were very glad to observe the all-important camp rest hour. That one hour surely is a good thing!

"After dinner, the evening was spent in

At Camp with

—it is always one great glorious play out-of-doors and to fill every

the sports and fun that camp life offers them.

Seattle Girls Go Camping

They week-end on Vashon Island

Margaret Waugh of Seattle, Washington, sends us this account of a week-end camping trip taken by the girls of Troop Twenty-seven of Plymouth Church:

"When all preparations for a trip to Vashon Island had been completed, a group of twelve happy and excited girls, carrying bed-rolls, lunches and cameras, gathered at Colman Dock very early one Saturday morning with their leader.

"After an especially pleasant hour's ride on the Vashon Harper Ferry across Puget Sound, our party arrived at the island. We hiked about one mile along the rocky beach of the Sound to Tuckaway Cabin, our destination.

singing, while sitting around a cheery fire in the huge fireplace. Later we went down to the beach to study the stars and point out many constellations and planets, which were exceptionally bright that evening. At a quarter of nine, the friendship circle was formed for taps, and then to bed for a dreamless sleep.

"After breakfast, each girl had something to do, such as dishes, making bed-rolls, cleaning up everything in general. At ten-thirty came Scouts Own, which was held down on the beach around a campfire.

"At noon we cooked our meal over the open fire on the beach. During the remaining part of the afternoon and last few hours of our outing, we again separated into groups and followed our own special desires. In the late afternoon, Sunday, we packed our bed-rolls into the cars and piled into the two cars and rode back to the wharf where we arrived in time to board the boat at 4:15 P. M."

Norfolk Girl Scouts Entertain

They run an old English Fair at camp

Now we leap from Washington to Virginia. Daphne Savage of Norfolk writes to us about a day at Camp Matoaka. She says, *Ye Nottingham Fair* furnished entertainment for the guests of the camp. Campers laid aside their middies and bloomers and donned the Lincoln green and costumes of the English people in the time of Robin Hood, and made merry at an old English Fair.

"The grounds were decorated with stalls and booths, and gay colors were seen everywhere. The main characters were Robin Hood, Maid Marion, and Robin's band of followers.

"The people arrived at the fair grounds and the Band came from the forest singing their song of honor to their leader who had come from across the lake by way of a canoe. With him came Maid Marion and Little John. Amusements and contests were



YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A CHEERFUL CORNER SUCH AS THIS IN THE BIG HOUSE AT CAMP JULIETTE LOW, CLOUDLANDS, GEORGIA

the Girl Scouts

*adventure because Girl Scouts know how to
moment with something new and exciting*

held which included singing, folk dancing, jousting and an archery contest. The guests were led along the Nature Trail to the nature cabin and from there to Sherwood Forest, the home of Robin Hood and his friends. This was really the Pioneer Camp. A swimming exhibition was held at the 'Ducking Pond', supper was served at the fair grounds and the day was closed with a campfire circle."

How about a Pageant?

Michigan girls gave a successful one

An account of a pageant which sounds awfully interesting was sent in by Vivian Lantz of Mount Clemens, Michigan. It was given at Camp Rotary, Romeo, Michigan last summer, and is a history of Macomb County.

"The setting for the production was ideal," Vivian writes. "The old Clinton River curled around a point of open woodland which held a natural chapel.

"An Indian tribe is found placidly encamped in the clearing. First comes the arrival of the French courier, du Boise, and close on his heels the Christian missionary. With the arrival of the whites the Indians weaken, but not without a struggle. Years pass, and the peaceful scene gives way to another. In the clearing, the crafty Pontiac plots to drive out the whites, but is unsuccessful.

"The year 1782 sees the arrival of a group of sturdy and pious Moravians. The clearing becomes a village green, with groups of townspeople gathered about. Their attention is focused upon two missionaries, each of whom holds a cylindrical tin in his hand. One missionary shakes his tin, draws forth a slip of paper, and reads aloud the name of a young man. A young lady's name is drawn from the other tin

and read. The two young people thus chosen are to marry. The Moravians did not trust the choice of so important a thing to man's judgment.

"After a few years the Moravian settlement is abandoned because of the hostility of the Ojibways. A new group of settlers from Pennsylvania make their homes upon the same spot, and these pioneers really build up Macomb County.

"A critical onlooker might have remarked that the arms of the Colonial ladies were a little ruddy and that their faces showed faint but unmistakable traces of war paint, and that the five and ten cent stores had furnished most of the wampum, but still every onlooker declared he had been well entertained."

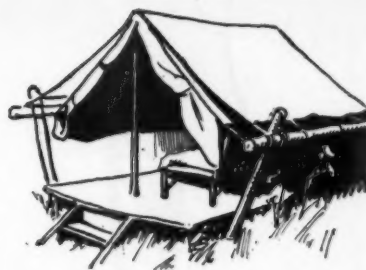
New Jersey Girls Have Day Camp

They devote much time to swimming

Eleanor Henne of Roselle, New Jersey, sends in an account of a new kind of camp that Girl Scouts of Elizabeth and the surrounding towns attend. Eleanor writes:

"Within the last three years an organization known as Day Camp has been formed. Any Girl Scout is eligible. The camp is on Tuesday and Thursday every week. Because of the generosity of a private school they are allowed the use of a lovely tiled swimming pool. The girls are arranged in classes starting with the minnow and progressing to the shark, which is the highest of the classes. As each girl progresses in swimming she is promoted to a higher class. Instruction in swimming and diving is given by well trained swimmers. At the end of the season a water meet is held.

"Following the swimming the girls take their lunches off to an attractive park where, under the trees, they may have all the fun the camp provides. Volley ball is one of



the games in which they may participate, the winning team receiving a prize. Handicraft is taught, also. Taps and songs are sung in the late afternoon and the girls leave, looking forward to the next day camp."

A Newspaper Party Is Fun

Camp Red Wing girls give one

Camp Red Wing, near Renfrew, Pennsylvania had an amusing party last summer, an account of which was sent in by Dorothy McCaskey of McKeesport. Dorothy writes, "The Greenwood Unit of Camp Red Wing entertained the Pioneer Unit at a newspaper party. Each guest and hostess wore a hat made from newspapers. Since there were two Greenwood girls to every Pioneer, the programs were so distributed that there were two hostesses to help entertain each Pioneer. On the back of each program was the character of a comic strip. Those who had similar names composed a family group, which ate dinner together.

"After supper, and after everyone was acquainted, a baseball game was held to stress the sports section of the paper. Around the campfire later many lovely songs were sung. (Continued on page 45)



THESE CLEVELAND, OHIO GIRL SCOUTS FIND HITTING THE BULL'S EYE IN ARCHERY PRACTICE ONE OF THEIR MOST POPULAR SPORTS AT CAMP

A HEARTY SPIRIT OF COOPERATION EXISTS AMONG THE GIRL SCOUTS IN THEIR PIONEERING UNITS AT THEIR FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CAMP



COILING THE ANCHOR LINE WAS A REGULAR DUTY

Girl Scouts Go Nautical

By EDNA F. LANE

Down the harbor a white speck came gliding, growing larger each moment with spray flying on each side, and soon our pilot brought the "cruise ship" up to the dock.

Port Jefferson has a deep, wide, beautiful harbor lined up high cliffs on the east and west. The five girls jumped aboard like old hands. They helped to load the boat with the jugs of water, and boxes of food and supplies, and placed their duffle on the berths in the cabins. The captain untied the boat from the dock, and off we started for the north of Port

Jefferson Harbor, some two sea-miles distance away.

HERE is a different kind of Girl Scouting. It is called Sea Scouting and we tried it out last year at our camp, which faces the salty sparkling blue waters of Long Island Sound. Though we have always studied seashore life and enjoyed swimming and water sports, as well as all the other things one does at camp, when the word "boat" was mentioned, all of us wanted to go at once and live at sea. Our camp chief explained that the latest acquisition of camp, the cruiser *Edmyro*, was a twenty-six foot boat with a comfortable cabin holding four berths—two uppers and two lowers—a tiny bathroom, a roomy cockpit, a galley to cook in, and plenty of deck space where we could lounge or sleep. But only five girls could go avoyaging at once, with two grown ups in charge. We selected the first group of girls to go and planned a trip suitable for young mariners.

With what joyous excitement did we pack our duffle consisting of several bathing suits, blankets, first aid kit and other necessary articles. A short shopping tour for food supplies, fresh water, and fuel, and the five girls, Mr. Lane, who was our captain, and I found ourselves on the dock one sunny afternoon. Down the gangplank they walked single file, five jolly girls with packs strapped to their backs.

Each girl was given an actual job at once so that Marian, Bernice, Edna, Bunny and Mary Jane were busy right from the start. Bunny was the pilot. She took the wheel, and as Mr. Lane backed away from the dock she steered neatly around to the north. Marian put away all food supplies in lockers underneath the berths. The meat and milk she placed in a portable ice chest kept in the cockpit. We towed a row boat or dinghy on a rope and it was Edna's job to watch this boat. She kept it from bumping us as we turned and kept the line clear of the "Edmyro's" propeller. These details were soon completed and pleasure was the program of the day. The hottest day seems cool on a boat, and soon we were all lying on the front deck enjoying a sun bath.

To the left of the harbor entrance we found a charming cove with a sandy beach, and so anchored there to get a swim. Refreshed, we started preparations for supper. As the galley or kitchen is conveniently arranged in the cockpit, and supplies are kept in a portable

ice chest next to it, we had an easy time cooking tea, vegetables, bacon and chops on the little stove. The table was set with a colored paper cloth, colored napkins, plates and cups. How thrilled we all were sitting at a table on a boat contentedly watching the sunset fade from red and glowing orange to violet and yellow hues. When the last crumbs were gone, overboard went the paper napkins, plates, cups and other table equipment. Edna and Marian were detailed to wash the knives, forks and pots, over the side. They scrubbed and polished, and housekeeping seemed quite a delightful pastime until Bernice brought us all to her side with a scream to watch our best pot slip through her fingers and fall gently to the bottom of the sea to repose among all the other treasures there. Bunny and Mary Jane put up the table and swabbed the deck. They were quite efficient, having tied the handle of the mop to the rail before dipping it overboard, so as not to lose it.

While at anchor at night a light was always hung up in the bow, or front of the boat. While running at night a red (port) light was put up on the left side and a green (starboard) light on the right. These lamps were cleaned and filled and put up, as well as the stern lamp. The flags were taken in and we all climbed on the top deck to lie and watch the stars as we were softly swinging at anchor. The girls learned to distinguish the large and small dippers, their relation to each other and to the North Star. They watched the shooting stars as



ABOVE, YOU SEE THE HAUL AFTER A SESSION OF SNAPPER FISHING—THE GUEST HELPED SOME. TO THE LEFT, PART OF THE "CREW" SPLASHED OVERBOARD FOR A SWIM ON A HOT AFTERNOON. ONE OF THE JOYS OF SEA SCOUTING!

they fell, apparently right into the sea.

Next day, straight as the wind the *Edmyro* pushed on, and Marian and Edna learned to take short turns at the wheel and keep on a course. Bernice learned to coil the anchor rope neatly on the raised deck. As we progressed in an easterly direction, we could discern our camp house almost hidden by trees, on the shore at our right. We made for the shore and threw out the anchor, in order to watch a swimming meet of our camp girls then in progress. Soon we cruised out into the Sound, turning east again and making Greenport our objective, some fifty miles from Port Jefferson.

After taking turns at the wheel the girls voted for a swim as the clear calm water looked very inviting. This time after casting anchor we jumped into the dinghy, rowed toward the shore and hopped out on a sand bar. There we found snails in abundance and watched them retire into their shells and then come shyly out. We found soft clams and a horse-shoe crab or two lying lazily in the shallow water on the soft sand. The pink starfish delighted us and we collected a few to take back to the camp nature museum. We swam to the cruiser while Edna rowed out in the dinghy with the nautical treasures.

Once aboard we got on our course and proceeded toward our objective.

A breakwater appeared on the horizon to split the graceful curve of the shore line and when we approached it and saw on our chart that it led into an inlet near Mattituck, we decided to go adventuring. We found it to be narrow and winding, with a deep channel. It was bordered on its sides by the sloping rolling hills of the north shore profusely decked with stately cedars. We found many boats already anchored, and dropped anchor next to a large cruiser.

After dinner we were inspired by the silver moonlight trembling on the water, to sing. Then at bedtime the usual fun started as to who should sleep in the uppers, and who in the lower berths. The two upper berths were suspended from the roof of the cabin by two strong web straps and gave a fine view of the harbor, as the port-holes opened right next to them. We settled the question by putting Bernice and Mary Jane, who were the least heavy, into the uppers. They made their berths with two blankets, snuggling between them cozily, and soon we all were rocked to sleep.

In the morning on arriving at Greenport we secured bait in the form of squid, blood worms and clams, as we wanted to catch some fish in Peconic Bay. Each girl had a line with a sinker and hook on it. After baiting the hooks we noticed that nibbles came in strong on the squid lines, and up came a striped kingfish on one line, and a good sized weakfish on the other.

No lunch ever tasted as good as that weakfish with butter sauce and potatoes. Toward evening we proceeded beyond Shelter Island to Noyack Bay which looked like a sheltered anchorage. In a moment a strong wind arose, and all the girls were busy putting up side and front curtains so that we were safe and comfortable in our cockpit.

Waking up to the pitter patter of rain-drops on the roof of our floating home was a new experience. It felt so warm and comfortable in our cabin that one peep out of

the port-hole to see the gray fog all about us and rain pouring down in great silvery drops convinced us that forty more winks wouldn't do us any harm. We remained in our bunks until nine o'clock, when hunger drove us forth. Edna prepared some crisp toast, eggs and tea which we simply devoured. As activities were temporarily postponed because of the rain and fog, the girls decided to have ship-cleaning. Edna and Bernice went forward where the supplies were kept in a closet. They made a list of food on hand and straightened the cupboard. Marian and Bunny worked in the cabin. They were adept now at unhooking the upper berths, taking off sheets and blankets and storing them under mattresses. They said they felt like Pullman porters. Mary Jane worked in the cockpit, rolling up the chairs and doing odd jobs for "Captain" Lane, as they now called him. He was contentedly lolling in a deck chair smoking his pipe and planning our next move when someone shouted that the rain had stopped while we were all so busily engaged. Sure enough, we could now look across to Nassau Point, and all the girls were keen to be going. Up went the side curtains, deck chairs were folded, the anchor pulled up, and forward we went across Little Peconic Bay. Our chart showed Cutchogue Harbor to lie just west of Nassau Point and we steered for there. There were black and red buoys ringing and clanging away and the girls wanted to see them marked on the chart. It was fun to pick out buoys number 19 and 27 on the chart, set the course to their right, and then arrive suddenly in Cutchogue Harbor. Anchored there that afternoon the girls decided that wash day was imperative so while comfortably swinging in our safe harbor we got wash basins out on the rear deck and scrubbed underwear and handkerchiefs, hanging them on the rail to dry in the warm sun.

The next day was too perfect to do anything but live a lazy life on shipboard, interrupted only by swims every hour or so.

One of our jobs during the trip was to get into the dinghy and tie up to the cruiser to scrub her sides. Her white coat was spotted here and there with a piece of squid, a few fish scales, a little oil, some black marks from the bumping, and even a beard of weeds beginning to show along her sides just below the water line. We took brushes and salt water soap, and moved slowly around her in the dinghy, scrubbing until she was spotless. At four bells we were ready at last to leave our snug little harbor and get under way to Greenport. Soon after leaving Southold Bay I got up on the raised deck with a coil of rope, ready to throw out to shore at the Greenport dock. The wind and luck being with me, the loop I tossed fell snugly around the pile. This astonished me more than the onlookers on shore and on board. There were congratulations all around and I felt like a veteran sailor at last. We tied up fore and aft and put out bumpers on the dock. With blankets rolled and packs strapped, our sailor girls trod shore once more. As we left the *Edmyro* at the dock we turned to see her bobbing up and down as if chafing against such shameful inactivity. But we were determined, all of us, that she should not be inactive long—not after our discovery of what fun Sea Scouting could be.

Now Gloria has plenty of new-looking stockings all the time



"ANOTHER RUN—oh, dear, not a single good pair to my name!"

How often Gloria used to say this. She would wear out silk stockings in no time at all. But that was before Nancy came to visit. Nancy's sheer stockings seemed to wear like iron. And she told Gloria why.

"After every wearing I Lux my stockings, just dip them up and down in the suds, then rinse and hang up to dry. It takes only a minute and next morning they're fresh and gorgeous as new."

"You see, if you rub them with cake soap, that strains the silk and makes runs easy to start. That's why Lux is so wonderful—you don't have to rub. Another thing is, Lux is made especially for colors, so your stockings don't get faded and streaked."

Of course Gloria tried Nancy's way and what a wonderful difference it made! Lux keeps her stockings new more than twice as long—so now she has plenty of good ones at hand all the time!



LUX keeps stockings new twice as long

Mystery on the Mountain

(Continued from page 9)

overhead. But lovely as it was, it was lonely, too, even in the middle of a bright June afternoon. The house, when we finally reached it, was a surprise, even after the magnificence of the car and the purple livery and the lorgnette, it was so altogether castle-like. It was built of dark stone and surrounded by park-like gardens, fountains, and several groups of great hemlocks. Its name, we learned later, was Mountain Castle, and it was none too ostentatious a name for such a place. How like John to have called it a shack!

A maid opened the door for us and took John's aunt's wrap from her shoulders. But she looked at Rosalie and me with surprise and resentment, or else I imagined it.

"We will go right up to my boudoir," John's aunt remarked, and led the way up a wide, polished staircase. The boudoir was the first door as we reached the top. Most of you who read this probably know what the boudoirs of very rich maiden aunts are like, and so I need not describe this one. But it was my first experience of such a room, and truly I never saw anything lovelier in my life.

The maid—her name was Caroline Emerson—put John's aunt's handbag away in a drawer and withdrew. Then the aunt shut both doors of the boudoir, and even some glass doors opening onto a little balcony. After that she drew a long breath, seated herself on a yellow brocaded *chaise longue*, motioned us to brocaded chairs on either side of her, and murmured, "Now tell me everything, my dear, from the very beginning."

I left it to Rosalie, and in fact Aunt Gladys—we had learned on the drive that John's aunt was named Miss Gladys Bliss—had phrased her question in the singular, "my dear," not "my dears."

"Why, John Worthington's mother invited Ann and me to their cottage—" Rosalie began, and after that I didn't listen particularly, I was so interested in taking in what a real boudoir was like.

I came to, though, in time to hear Aunt Gladys murmur, "Mumps! They think it may be mumps, do they? No, they didn't tell me. Well, well!"

She didn't look nearly so sorry for John as she had looked at the station when Rosalie had first mentioned mumps, I thought. In fact, since Rosalie had begun her narrative, Aunt Gladys's manner had changed in some peculiar, mysterious way. She looked rather let down, if you know what I mean. Was she regretting her first generous impulse of hospitality, I wondered? But the next minute she had brightened up and was fairly beaming at Rosalie.

"Now we'll ring for Caroline," she said, "and she will show you your rooms. Put on something summery and light, and meet me on the drawing-room terrace. Ring for Caroline when you are ready and she will show you the way."

Caroline appeared like a jack out of the box, almost before Aunt Gladys had taken her finger off the buzzer, and ushered us off to our rooms, after Aunt Gladys had explained that we were to sleep at the "Castle" that night and perhaps for several nights. The maid nodded and led the way.

"You'll find the guest rooms dusty, I'm

afraid," Caroline warned us, as we hurried after her down the longest and widest upper hall I have ever seen in a private house; I may add that it was the gloomiest as well, in spite of its richness. "Miss Bliss never told me she was expectin' visitors."

"Oh, that doesn't matter a bit," Rosalie assured the maid. "But please just tuck us together into one room, if Miss Bliss won't mind. We've always shared the same room at home."

"I must do as Miss Bliss said," the woman rather snapped—anyway she was needlessly short about it, I thought. "This will be your room, Miss. I'll send Justin up with your suitcases when I go downstairs."

"Thanks," Rosalie responded. "But I'm coming along to see where my sister is to



sleep," and she tripped right along beside us down the amazingly long hall to the room assigned to me.

"Oh, such a darling room!" Rosalie cried in her pleased, enthusiastic way. "I'm sure you'll have pleasant dreams here, Ann!"

Caroline was on the point of leaving, but she stopped at that, put her hands on her hips and looked at us both curiously. She wasn't a bad-looking woman, but all the same the name Caroline Emerson didn't suit her a bit. I thought it at the time. She looked like a gypsy, masquerading in a maid's uniform. But when she laughed, as she did now, she sounded like a witch, the horrid kind who do all the harm they possibly can.

"Pleasant dreams, is it?" she smiled unpleasantly. "Well, now let me advise you, girls, don't spend the night in Mountain Castle if it's pleasant dreams you want! Is Miss Bliss lettin' you come visitin' here without warnin' you? That ain't fair. Why, this house is haunted!"

"Haunted!" Rosalie looked around the pretty room, flooded with sunlight, and laughed. Rosalie's laugh was liquid silver. "Really!" was all she said, though.

"Oh, I know! Now, in the middle of the afternoon, with the sun shinin', you mayn't feel it," Caroline muttered. "But wait till night comes. Why, the beginnin' of the summer, when I took the place, I felt just like you do. It looked all right to me, too. But the very first night—Well, no use frightenin' you! But this much I will say. There were three other servants beside myself, not countin' the butler and chauffeur, when Miss Bliss opened up the place

this June; but when Saturday night come, only two of us was left, Justin and me. Justin and me've got a conscience, we have. We ain't goin' to desert the old lady. Just as long as she can stick it out I guess we can. That's why the whole place is a bit dusty, though, and you won't be surprised. I cook the meals, though I didn't come as a cook, and the woman Justin fetches from Great Barrington to keep us clean, day-times, is in such a terrible hurry to be done and off before the sun even begins to set that she don't half do her work."

Rosalie didn't answer anything to all this amazing information. She just went over to one of the windows and looked out of it. But Caroline stayed, waiting for her to say something, staring at her back with almost an evil eye, I thought. After a minute Rosalie half turned, glanced at the woman and in the most casual way, as if she had spoken such words every day of her life for years, murmured, "Thank you, Caroline. You may go now."

Caroline blushed—reddened anyhow. She hadn't suspected how grown up Rosalie really was. But she went obediently.

When the maid was out of the room Rosalie made up a face, a simply horrid face, as if she had cheese in her mouth, which she hates. But then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "Well, let's get out your organdie," she said. "I'll wear mine, too. Thank goodness, we've got dresses appropriate for drawing-room terraces."

I knew she was chatting this way to avoid the subject which Caroline Emerson had brought up. She didn't want me to take it seriously—the idea that Mountain Castle was haunted—or to be frightened. Well, calling quickly to mind Mother's warning to me that Rosalie must have no worries on this vacation, I took a grip on myself and refrained from letting Rosalie see that the maid's conversation had made me just a little uneasy, for I couldn't have Rosalie afraid I was afraid.

She stayed with me while I got into the blue organdie and brushed my hair, and I was grateful for that, for even in broad daylight now, somehow, I didn't like being alone anywhere in Mountain Castle. Then I went to Rosalie's room with her while she dressed. Her room was even prettier than mine, if that were possible. Rosalie was delighted with everything about it.

"Let's not ring for Caroline," she suggested, when she was ready. "I'm sure we can find the drawing-room terrace, and anyway I'd like to get the lay of this place."

As a matter of fact, it was perfectly simple. The drawing-rooms—there were two of them, opening into each other, stately and somber—were in view all the way down the great stairs. We had only to walk through them to the terrace, where Aunt Gladys was waiting for us, sitting in a garden chair by a little table where a tall pitcher of an iced drink and a plate of little frosted cakes were ready for our arrival.

After we had had this delectable tea, sharing it with Aunt Gladys—she called it "tea"—we went down the stone steps from the terrace and played croquet with her on a smooth lawn there. Now I never tire of croquet, and I will admit that I am good at it. But Rosalie, (Continued on page 34)

The summer issues of your magazine are full of good things—

Solve this

5*5B5? 01*5(
(M3)X 58() 4AM0)X5
58())I2 M4 M*6 2MI?
ZM04MA) *15(8 (08** I!*8?6
(X8256 *195 8 X308? 4MM)
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)X5 (8?6 8))X5 KM))M0 M4
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M4)X5 I!*8?6



Pirates, you know, used Ciphers!

CIPHER

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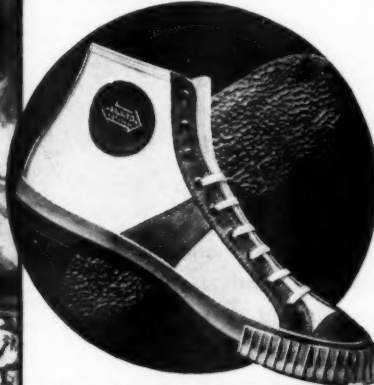
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FOR 50 NEXT BEST ANSWERS,

Choice of: 1. Magnan Tennis Racquet. 2. Ingersoll Mite Wrist Watch. 3. Agfa Ansco Vest Pocket Camera. 4. Daisy Air Rifle. 5. Wear Ever Aluminum Camp Kit. 6. Wear Ever Canteen. 7. Blue Bear Archery Set. 8. Spalding Swimming Suit. 9. Octigan Pitching Shoes. 10. Dinky Link Obstacle Golf Set.



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RULES OF THE TREASURE HUNT:

FIRST • Solve the cipher message printed in the circle. To help you, Hood has prepared a thrilling book called "Secret Writing." It explains the solution of several kinds of ciphers—including this one. Send for this FREE book.

SECOND • When you have solved the cipher message, read it over carefully. Then read the 5 Hood Points in the box. You will find that the message contains two or more "key" words which also appear in one of the 5 Hood Points. Find out which Point this is.

THIRD • Now write a paragraph of not more than 100 words, telling why you think this Hood Point is important in a good canvas shoe. Send your paragraph and your solution of the cipher to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass. Be sure to write your name, address, age and your choice of the first and second prizes—at the top of each sheet of paper. The prizes will be awarded for the best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the cipher. All July Treasure Hunt answers must be mailed by August 15th.

(Prizes will be presented in September)

[Winners will be listed in the November Magazine]

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The soles of Hood Canvas Shoes are Smokrepe in molded or cut-out patterns with special gripping power and are made of the toughest, longest wearing rubber. You get more for your money with Hoods.

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The uppers of Hood Shoes wear longer than ordinary canvas shoes uppers because the plys of sturdy canvas are vulcanized solidly into one piece by a special Hood Process. You get more for your money with Hoods.

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An exclusive insole makes Hood Canvas Shoes an immense improvement over other athletic footwear. It does not absorb perspiration, but allows it to evaporate gradually without leaving an un-

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(Look carefully and see which of these "points" contains the "key" words!)

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



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Who are the Characters?

What story is it? Who is the author?

These are the questions you, as a member of the audience at the new AMERICAN GIRL mystery stunt, will have a chance to answer. It's going to be loads of fun, sitting on the ground around campfire or in a comfortable chair at troop meeting and playing a game with the actors performing before you in Oleda Schrottky's amusing stunt.

"Seven Characters in Search of a Name"

The stunt is fun for everybody. It is one of the jolliest THE AMERICAN GIRL has ever had. But if you are a constant reader of your magazine, familiar with its authors and heroines—and heroes, too—you'll enjoy it all the more. For then you have the advantage of identifying AMERICAN GIRL characters in the play. And if you score the highest number of points in your audience you win a book that you'll be proud to own.

Give the Stunt at Camp

Your camp councillor will be glad to have you give this stunt at campfire, because the lines are witty and easy to memorize—an important consideration at camp—and the costumes are simple to make. As soon as you get to camp, ask your councillor about "Seven Characters in Search of a Name." Or if you

don't go to camp, give it at one of your summer rallies or outdoor meetings. It will be good anywhere.

If your captain or councillor hasn't a copy of the stunt, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. will be glad to send one or more as long as the supply lasts.

Mystery on the Mountain

(Continued from page 32)

who has never been good at it, detests the game, though I learned that only by accident this very spring. She has played it with five younger brothers and sisters patiently and with continuous laughter for many years. It was John who found her out and told me. He caught her one day kicking the box which holds the mallets and balls, when she thought she was alone in the summer house, and muttering darkly, "Pesky old game! Wish you'd drown yourself!" So I knew from that day that she played out of kindness to keep the younger children happy.

And here she was playing with John's aunt, the same old family game, to keep her interested and happy! What would Mother say if she could see! Mother who was picturing us, by now, in our gay new bathing suits, swimming about in the Atlantic! But I saw nothing I could do about it. And Rosalie, of course, acted and sounded as if croquet, and playing it with middle-aged aunts, were the very joy of her life, right on up until dinner time.

Dinner was formal, wonderful, and served by Justin, dressed up in a butler's uniform. But as he was passing around the table in the middle of the fish course, I got a sudden shock. A head had appeared looking in through the French doors which led from the dining room into the rose garden. It was the head of a woman, and it was bound up in a white cloth, something like an Indian turban in effect. She was strangely pale.

"What's the matter?" Aunt Gladys inquired. She had noticed me start. As she spoke the head withdrew—or vanished—I was too upset to notice which.

Justin paused in his pouring of ginger ale and rather stared at me, while Rosalie looked questioning.

"There was a woman—a head anyway—behind that curtain!" And I described how pale the face had seemed under the white turban.

Aunt Gladys, as I spoke, went paler than the face had been, and even Justin looked nervous. Caroline in the butler's pantry must have overheard. Anyway the door had come open a crack and I saw her standing there with her ear in our direction. Her head was bare, and in any case, she couldn't possibly have got around to the French doors from the pantry and back again, and be listening at that crack now. Besides, the face I had seen had been more aristocratic and, as I have said, extremely pale. Caroline was swarthy.

While I thought all this, Justin was hurrying to the French doors and looking behind the curtains. He returned silently, after a minute, to his butler's duties, a world of superiority in his expression. "Absolutely nothing there, Madam," he assured John's aunt.

"Of course not," she rather snapped. "I never could believe in ghosts!"

"But I didn't say I saw a ghost," I cried, amazed. "I said a head in a white turban."

Aunt Gladys shrugged. "It's all the same, I should say. No good splitting hairs!"

Naturally I said no more about what nobody, apparently, could believe. But one

Who is the turbaned lady behind the glass doors in "Mystery on the Mountain"?—

thing about it seemed strange, to say the least. Caroline and Justin knew the house was haunted and yet they didn't believe that it was the haunt that I had seen. Perhaps it had never come to the dining room before, but stayed upstairs or something. Anyhow I couldn't understand it.

All that evening Aunt Gladys, Rosalie and I played cards. Rosalie did not have to pretend interest in *Nitwit*. She plays it cleverly and loves it, but Aunt Gladys was just as clever. I bore up under utter defeat and slight boredom by nibbling the most delectable chocolate creams which Aunt Gladys kept urging on me, after she discovered how much I liked them. Even so it was a long evening. If we had been with John at the shore we would have spent it playing *Simon Says*, or had a bonfire, or done something else that was more noisy and more fun.

When bedtime at last came, Rosalie insisted that Caroline should not be summoned. "We know perfectly well where to find our rooms. Please let us. Don't bother with us," she urged.

"Well, then, goodnight and pleasant dreams, my dears," Aunt Gladys murmured.

Pleasant dreams! That brought altogether too vividly to my mind Caroline's dark hints about the unlikelihood of pleasant dreams for anyone sleeping in Mountain Castle. When we reached the top of the stairs Rosalie said with perfect casualness, "Let's tote your things into my room, sister. It's a good thing we're both slight young things, for I noticed, did you, that it's a very single bed?" Bless Rosalie! I certainly was grateful to her.

"Are you going to put out the light?" I asked with dismay, when finally undressed and in Rosalie's bed, I saw her hand reaching toward the shaded night-lamp by our single pillow.

"Of course, my child! When did you ever in your life sleep with a light? Don't be silly!"

"Well, if it comes to that, when did I ever in my life sleep in Aunt Gladys' mountain shack?" I whispered back. "Places alter habits."

"Possibly," Rosalie conceded. "But not characters. And we're not going to let 'em think we're one bit scared!"

"Who do you mean by 'em'?" I shivered a little.

"Well, not the woman in the white sheet, I can tell you. That was in your eye."

"I didn't say anything about a white sheet. But she wasn't in my eye, not a bit of it. She had freckles."

"Really? Then that's as may be. But nobody at Mountain Castle is going to see our light and think we're scared to put it out, not even your freckled ghost."

"But are we scared?" I asked.

Rosalie gave me one look. "Not we. Hardly!" she muttered, and yanked off the light.

"Not we!" I echoed, but rather faintly I am afraid, and snuggled against Rosalie's shoulder. The next instant I was clutching that shoulder and hissing in uncontrollable terror, "What was that? Rosalie! What was that?"

What adventures await the two girls in the mysterious house with the "haunted room"? Next month brings new happenings in this thrilling tale.

Caution or Accident?



The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Automobiles | 5. Railroads | 9. Mines and Quarries |
| 2. Falls | 6. Poisonous Gases | 10. Fires |
| 3. Drownings | 7. Firearms | 11. Poisons |
| 4. Burns | 8. Machines | 12. Suffocations |

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ACCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than \$1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends—accidents which you know all about—could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500—motorists and pedestrians—were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some bright spots in the dark record.

Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600; and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 731-X.



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Read the startling developments of this exciting short serial next month

"I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 17)

discovered it for myself without being told.

But to finish with that list before I tell you about the discovery. I looked it over pretty carefully and decided that my good and bad qualities were about equal to other people's. Stupidly, I decided that my big mistake had been in not cultivating the right people. Don't be too hard on me for confessing it, but I did do just that. I decided that people were popular by crowds rather than by individuals, except for a few exceptional ones—like the editor of the yearbook, the president of the class and a few people like that.

So I decided to be careful during the rest of that year, and the next year, to know the right people. And I did—Marcia and I are the best of friends. She's editor of the *Centralian* and writes poetry besides. In fact she's one of the best known girls in the high school—I wouldn't be at all surprised if she comes in first in the popularity contest just before commencement. But I have yet to notice anything that it gained me, aside from the delight of her friendship.

Don't laugh at me too much. The idea seems ridiculous even to me, now, that I could shine a bit in her reflected glory. We were seen so much together that until the other day I sort of supposed people said, "Oh, yes, Marcia Wheeler, she's the editor of the *Centralian*. And there's Dorothy Gauntt, who is always with her." Then I thought they might add, "You know she won the tennis singles last spring." That was only a vague hope, of course. Because only the real tennis enthusiasts ever remembered how the annual matches came out.

But to think I depended on that theory for two years. By this time you are probably thinking, "Heavens, what an egotistical girl! Doesn't she sound terribly self-centered?" You are right—I was. But I hope you aren't also thinking, "What a silly thing to think twice about anyway." Because, honestly, deep down in your heart, don't you think every now and then that it would be nice to be liked by lots of people? Or, if you are already, don't you think it is nice? It seems especially so in these huge high schools we have nowadays. There are two thousand students in Central and unless you are somebody whom everybody knows, somebody important in school affairs, you feel just like a tiny bubble of plaster that could fall off the wall without being noticed by a soul.

As you've probably guessed long before this I haven't many real talents. So I was trying to stand close enough to Marcia Wheeler to catch a reflection of her glory. I don't know just why she was elected editor—there are several other people who could do the job as we have rather a literary class this year. Or I should say, I *didn't* know why. I do now. And I had to get pretty far away from Central to find out!

The State University is only about fifty miles from our town, so practically everybody in the town who goes to college at all, goes there. They have a visitors' day every spring so that students from the high

schools who are planning to enter in the fall can come for this one day and look around. It's terribly exciting.

Everything's new and different. You feel that sorority rush committees may be looking you over and mentally cataloguing your good points, even though the rush parties are a long time off!

On visitors' day a sophomore of the University is appointed to act as a host or hostess to groups of four or six of us seniors. Well, it was through the hostess to our group that I woke up to myself—though she doesn't know it.

We were walking through Harper Hall about the middle of the afternoon when our hostess said: "There goes Martha Harrison, the editor of *The Daily*." She said it in an awed half-whisper, indicating a girl who was just leaving from the big center door of the building. I looked at this important personage as closely as possible from where we stood. She didn't look "anything special"—interesting, oh, very interesting, and peppy. But she wasn't good looking or smartly dressed, or anything like that.

As I watched her she stopped and talked to a girl standing in the doorway, evidently



waiting for someone. As we came on up the hall, and the editor of *The Daily* went on her way, I glanced again at the girl in the doorway. Sure enough, it was Marcia's cousin who had graduated from Central just last June and, of course, was still a mere freshman on the university campus.

Well! As you can imagine, at my first opportunity to slip away from my group I accosted Helen Wheeler.

"Say, you know Martha Harrison, the editor of *The Daily*, don't you?" I said after the salutations were over. There was such obvious admiration in my voice and it was such a peach of an opening for Helen that I fully expected her to answer in the same superior tone I would have used under the circumstances. Why, it was a perfectly grand chance to shine in reflected glory!

I would have assumed a blasé manner and said, "Oh, yes, I know her very well." My tone would have left no room for doubt

in Helen's mind that I was a superior being, very much above a mere incoming freshman; in fact, above everyone who didn't know the captain of the football team, the editor of the paper, or some other celebrity on campus.

Instead, Helen answered me very warmly. "Why, sure, everybody knows Martha Harrison. She's one of the *friendliest* girls on campus."

Well, by the time I had reached home and gone to bed that night the idea had soaked in. Some day I'd like to tell Helen Wheeler that she's the one who made me see daylight. Thinking things over very carefully, I couldn't select a single outstandingly popular person in Central who wasn't friendly as well.

Marcia was certainly friendly. Funny I'd never realized it before. Somehow I'd got the idea that being popular meant sitting on a throne and having people come to bow to one's charm or one's beauty or one's cleverness.

Marcia isn't that way at all. Why, I've talked to lots of kids in the school when they stopped to speak to Marcia, and she always remembered to ask how one idea or another of theirs was panning out. I would hear all the conversation, but somehow it wouldn't strike me as interesting and I wouldn't remember the names of half of them the next time I saw them.

I asked her about it the day after we got back from the University. "How on earth do you remember so many details about people?" I demanded. "You always think to ask about Peg Collins' Girl Scout merit badges and Art Robinson's silly inventions—how do you do it?"

Marcia laughed. "Maybe it's my instinct for journalism," she said, "a sort of incessant desire to keep track of everything and everybody."

"But a lot of it is just that I'm honestly interested. Besides I know how much I appreciate having someone ask me about the *Centralian* or ask how my play for the English Club is getting along."

"Wouldn't you miss it, if I didn't ask you about your tennis club activities and all the other little things you are interested in from day to day? Of course, you would. You know very well you like to have people interested in you and the things you are doing. Everybody does. It's quite natural."

Of course I do! And I'd like to have a lot more people do it than the five or six girls I go around with. But I've always been too aloof to show any interest in other people's doings. The grand lady sitting in her shrine waiting for adulation. Blah! I certainly was stupid all along!

No more of that for me—it hasn't been enough fun. I'm beginning to suspect that other people are not only interesting, but amusing. And I have one other blessing I hadn't counted—I'm not shy. But I guess nobody is any more, because everybody but myself seems to be on to this business of enjoying her own accomplishments a great deal more by being interested in other people's.

Scatter disobeys the camp rules and gets into trouble again—

Bender Barges In

(Continued from page 16)

shore and played his favorite game of splashing around in pursuit of minnows.

Bender pretended to be obeying the order. But as he turned to stalk into the shade of the maples, he elevated his black button of a nose and sniffed critically, as if he had detected an unpleasant odor in that immediate vicinity. It was so perfect an imitation of Aunt Worthington's manner in administering a snub that Donna had to bend low over the grub box to conceal her smile.

Neither the girls nor Aunt Worthington saw Bender halt at the corner of the tent and look back. Only Horace saw that fixed look in the terrier's brown eyes, and because of the unnatural life he had been forced to live, the little spaniel did not quite know what to make of it. But when Bender caught his eye and wagged his tail in a way which meant, "Give that stuffy old bird the slip and come with me, laddie," Horace understood. Seeing his mistress engaged in conversation, he slipped under the arm of the chair and trotted around the tent to join the Airedale.

Bender trotted to him and when he had escorted Horace around the end of the tent and out of sight he and Horace touched noses. In spite of scented soap, in spite of the silk ribbon around his neck, this little fellow showed signs of being a real dog at heart. Bender prodded him with a stiff foreleg and grinned. Then leaping back suddenly he lowered his black and tan head between paws and invited Horace to romp.

Horace's nubbin of a tail waggled doubtfully. It had been so long since he had felt able to do what he liked. He looked guiltily behind him.

"Forget the old blister and come with me," the Airedale's laughing eyes said as the dogs touched noses again. A strange audacity quickened Horace and with tail clamped down but with a new light in his eye, he followed the Airedale into the bushes.

Though he had been living on this side of the lake only a short while, Bender had already discovered trails which were for dogs only and which no human being could follow. One of these led to the lake and as Bender trotted along it, he stopped in the wider places to move shoulder to shoulder with his new friend.

The trail took them to a secluded cove out of sight of camp and of the cottage on the next point. Bender waded shoulder deep in the sun-warmed shallows and stared watchfully to right and left. His ears were up and his wagging tail stub told Horace that some exciting game was afoot. A minnow swam into sight and the chase was on.

It was a hopeless chase, but with Bender it was not the size of the quarry but the hunt itself which gave zest to the game. Back and forth over the shallows he charged. "Come on, old-timer, and help head this blighter off," he yipped.

At first Horace was diffident about leaving the shore, but it was not long before the instinct inherited from water-loving forebears asserted itself. Deeper and deeper he went and when at last the shallows became so muddy he could not see the bottom he swam beyond his depth, snapping at the bubbles he and Bender had left on the surface of the water. (Continued on page 38)



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Bender Barges In

(Continued from page 37)

But for Bender the outing was just beginning. He yipped for his comrade to hurry and set out along the shore in the direction of the point. These water sports had made him hungry and the people in the cottage yonder were often very decent about their scraps.

Horace trotted gamely in his wake. For the spaniel, the hampering restrictions inflicted on him by a well-meaning but unsympathetic human being were nothing new. There must be a reckoning later, he knew that, but he was not going to mar the joy of this escapade by dwelling on it now. Besides, the unaccustomed exercise had given him a healthy hunger.

But they never reached the back door of the cottage on the point. As they swung up the shore to the road they came upon a bicycle lying near the gate of the cottage path. Bender knew it at once. It was the butcher boy's bicycle. In the wire basket on the handle-bars were savory brown paper parcels. He took one quick look to see no one was about, then looked audaciously at his friend. "What'll you have—beef or mutton?" he seemed to ask. "This is my treat." Then he snatched up the largest parcel and struck off into the bushes.

Half an hour later the two dogs walked stolidly from their leafy retreat. It seemed years to Horace since he had tasted raw meat and had the appetite to feast. A strange recklessness was upon him. He felt virile, independent, and when Bender set out toward camp, he halted decisively. No, he was not going home. He was not going back to scented soap baths, to cushions and dizzing hours in the Worthington car and to patented dog food. He was going to be a real dog and live a natural life.

Bender looked back and grinned. He seemed to think the gorge on raw meat had gone to the spaniel's head. He joined Horace in a wallow in the shallows, then led the way to a dust heap at the foot of the bank. There they rolled, arching their backs and waving all four feet luxuriously in air. When they rose and shook their plastered coats, each was a uniform mud color. All that showed of Horace's silk ribbon was a grimy string above one ear.

Stuffed and stolid with food and dourly determined to be independent, Horace flopped in the shade and let Bender go alone toward camp.

"Our best move is to smother Aunt Worthington with kindness, if you know what I mean," Donna had said that morning on their way to the boat. "We'll have everything so swanky and be so very proper she'll think we're fit to be out alone."

This is what the girls were trying to do when Bender swaggered into camp.

Aunt Worthington was just finishing her third cup of tea and was toying with a really creditable cake her niece had made when she saw the disreputable Airedale coming around the tent. She looked at the chair where she had left her pet. Then she got quickly to her feet.

"Where's Horace?" she asked dramatically.

The girls didn't know and as they began looking inside the tent, Bender, sensing a hunt, quickly trotted up toward them.

Unfortunately, he confronted Aunt

A new story for animal lovers is coming in August—

Worthington as she was striding purposefully toward a thicket near the tent. She ordered him curly out of the way.

But Bender did not seem to understand. "S'matter, old girl? You lost something?" his look of bright inquiry meant. But the lady brushed past him and began poking the bushes with a stick.

If Bender felt he was being ignored, he gave no sign. Besides, he was not the sort of dog that could be ignored for long and, charging past Aunt Worthington, he made a great show of searching the bushes. He crashed back and forth and sniffed gustily at everything.

"Get away," the lady commanded.

"Use your nose—not a stick. That's the way to find things," Bender's renewed inhalations might have meant. Then seeing she would not take his hint he sat down and stared fixedly up at the trees overhead. "Bet it's up there," his yip said. But already Aunt Worthington was calling to the girls to search in the opposite direction while she worked her way toward the lake.

Bender decided to go with her and when she began calling "Hor-ACE" in her deep contralto he broke into delighted barks.

Once when she stopped to prod a thicket with her stick Bender gave an understanding yelp which meant "Rats!" and began to burrow. Before Aunt Worthington could get clear she was being pelted with clods from his flying paws.

"You wretch. Get out of this," she shouted, waving her stick. But if her stick had been a sword waving him on to the attack it could not have encouraged Bender more.

Five minutes later when they came to the shallows Bender was still intent on lending his unwanted assistance. Aunt Worthington was striding along the beach when something stirred in the bushes a little way ahead and the disheveled Horace walked into view.

"You darling! Whatever in the world have they done to—"

But her alarmed question was never finished for at that instant Bender, the oaf, cut in front of her and only by a feat of unexpected agility did Aunt Worthington prevent herself from being tripped. To have

Bender glare back at her in a way which meant "Watch out whom you're pushing," was the last straw. With a vicious swing of her stick she rushed at him, but Bender ducked and then, dodging back and forth in front of her, he launched a series of jeering barks.

"Come on, you razz her, too," he yipped to Horace.

But in the last quarter of an hour the spark of rebellion had begun to flicker in the little spaniel. It died when he found himself face to face with his forceful mistress. Instead of joining the terrier he crouched and then, as his mistress stooped over him, he rolled on his back and with uplifted forepaws pleaded for leniency. The sight was too much for Bender's robust spirit and with a snort he vanished into the bushes.

It was two hours before he went back to camp. He was peering cautiously around the tent when Flo caught sight of him and broke into a laugh.

"She's gone. You can come in," she called. "Let's feel your ears. They should be burning."

"Aunt Worthington said frightful things about you," Donna told him. "If Horace gets infection from that mud bath it's your fault. She caught the afternoon boat so as to get him to a vet before he contracted fatal after effects from the wretched food you let him eat. She's terribly upset about it all."

"That's what she thinks," Flo went on. "But we think you're wonderful. Look here," she added, taking a sheet of paper from the table and holding it before Bender's mud-daubed nose. "This is a telegram we're sending Tommy. It says: 'Bender the making of our trip. Ten thousand thanks.' Doesn't that thrill you? It ought to."

But Bender only looked puzzled and not until Donna took all that remained of the cake she had made and placed it in front of him and coaxed him to eat it, did his face brighten.

"Now you're talking in a language a fellow can understand," his wagging tail stub said. Then with characteristic enthusiasm and singleness of purpose he consumed the offering.

Have You Taken Up Backgammon?

(Continued from page 11)

spectrum colored papers mounted on news-board, both of which may be bought in the art department or paper department of many of the better stores.

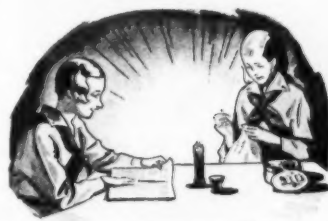
To make a board of this type—which is shown below the fabric cover on page eleven—cut two pieces of heavy news-board seven inches by fourteen inches, and join them in hinge fashion with a strip of black cloth mending tape one and one-quarter inches wide. In joining, the boards should be placed together along the fourteen-inch side and plenty of space should be allowed between them to give the tape sufficient play so that the boards may be folded up as you would close a book. Cut four pieces of bright blue glossy finished paper thirteen and one-half inches by six and one-half inches and mount them on both sides of the board, back and front,

using vegetable glue. Twelve points of silver and twelve points of black paper should next be cut and mounted alternately with the same glue. These points are five inches long and one inch wide at the base. Just to make the board more interesting, a panel, six and one-quarter inches long by two and one-half inches wide, is outlined in black and silver, in the center of each side of the board between the points.

The outside edge of the board is bound with the mending tape, and the corners are mitered. When finished the board is given a coat of white shellac to make it durable and waterproof, as well as more attractive.

This is just one suggestion, of course. Other color combinations may be worked out to suit the individual from the wide choice of papers available. Gold or silver cardboard may be had in sheets twenty-two by twenty- (Continued on page 43)

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Don't miss "The Bush Baby" by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Books for Your Vacation Knapsack

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH



This cut and the one on the opposite page are reprinted from "Betsy Ross, Quaker Rebel," the John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

THERE are very few of us who do not feel, in some form, the lure of souvenir-hunting. The vandals who break pieces from Lindbergh's airplane or chip a bit off the Alhambra, the people who collect autographs or antiques, the girls who carefully treasure their party souvenirs or keep diaries, really all have one object: They want to keep a tangible souvenir of some thrilling experience or some deep-rooted taste. For many people, especially in vacation time, no experience is so thrilling as contact with the out-of-doors, no taste more eagerly indulged than the love of flowers, trees, animals.

These people will welcome the advent of two large, thoughtfully-constructed books, *An Album of Our Wild Flowers* and *An Album of Our Trees* (Samuel Gabriel Sons and Company). They are intended for flower and tree enthusiasts who want to keep bits of the beauty which has added to the interest and delight of their summer rambles. Fastened securely to the inside back cover of each book is a strong manila envelope for pressing bits of honey-locust or harebell or Star-of-Bethlehem—the very names make me want to start right out on a searching expedition. There are large gummed labels, each label giving not only the name but the colored pictures of different flowers and trees, all ready to be pasted next to the specimens as they are secured, and there are pages of strong blank paper on which to paste these specimens after they have been pressed. Short descriptions of each flower and tree pictured, just short enough to tantalize you into going to a library to learn more, and long enough to satisfy temporary curiosity, are also included, and even pages of gummed strips for fastening down the different specimens. The books are most complete and welcome adjuncts to the vacation-kit of any nature fan.

Glimpses of Familiar Birds by William H. Carr (Samuel Gabriel Sons and Company) is a conveniently sized book, about

five by six inches. On each page there is a colored illustration of a bird, with a few blank lines underneath to record your own remarks or impressions. Opposite the picture there is a short, informal description of some of its outstanding traits—song, nesting, feeding, and so forth. These descriptions, written as they are by a well-known authority, are sparkling and alive as the birds themselves. Young nature lovers will be delighted with this book.

Most interesting by far of the outdoor books for this month, however, is *The Astonishing Ant* by Julie Closson Kenly (D. Appleton and Company). In fact, if any of you has ever so tiny a prejudice against nature and animal books—and there are plenty who share your prejudice—you may rest assured that *The Astonishing Ant* ought really to be classed, as far as interest and suspense go, with the best of the fiction and mystery stories. How do you like this little close-up of Friend Ant? "Not only do ants love to polish themselves, but they love to polish each other. I venture to say that an ant is the only bug in the world who would understand the rows of women sitting in a beauty parlor having their faces steamed and their hair waved. That is very nearly what the ants do, only they work over each other for love, not for pay." It is small wonder that a person able to get on such intimate terms with ants can describe ant-weddings as she does, can picture for us so graphically the ant, laying for herself a family of eggs exactly to suit her needs—a male, a female, or one destined from the beginning not "to have her mind filled with beaux and wedding trips," but to be a worker ant. It is small wonder that she makes us see each chapter of the absorbing story of *The Blood Red Ant* and *The Farmer Ant*, makes us exclaim in admiration over the fun and cleverness of the Honey Ants, and shiver at the sinister approach of the Gypsy Ants. By the time we have reached the end of the book, ants are no longer ants but picturesque or homey or awe-inspiring characters who will often recur to us as we pass the tiny scurrying insects in the future.

Occasionally there is a truly fitting end of a lovely day—a day which has been spent in the company of flowers, trees, birds or insects. According to our temperaments, there are different ways of bringing this about. Perhaps we'd enjoy just lounging about, flat on our backs, thinking over the day's discoveries. Gazing up at the

sky, we are fortunate indeed if we've managed to obtain an informal introduction to the constellations there, twinkling at us and ministering to our reflective mood. *The Stars through Magic Casements* by Julia Williamson (D. Appleton and Company) would afford us such an introduction. "Everything is a story," said Sara Crewe. "You are a story, I am a story, you can make a story out of anything." Before Sara Crewe was ever dreamed into life, the Greeks, Norse, Japanese, Indians and many other races had arrived at the same conclusion in regard to the stars. Every star and every group of stars had a story woven about its glittering points, and it is these stories which are retold in *The Stars through Magic Casements*. They are stories of which one never tires—the tales of Orion, the giant huntsman, of the Pleiades in their endless dance, of Pegasus, that fascinating horse, appropriately shown on star maps as flying across the sky upside-down. With the help of *The Stars through Magic Casements* we are able to place the groups of stars which bear the names of these myth-heroes, and to recall the beautiful tales inseparably connected with them.

Perhaps we are not star-gazers, and prefer to close our day in a different way. *Old Songs and Ballads for Girl Scouts* by Marjorie Edgar (Girl Scouts, Inc.) is one of the recent books appealing to those of us who enjoy the pleasures of unusual rather than jolly and boisterous music, and the slight acting which adds to its presentation. There are some curious old ballads in this collection, in the quaint dialects which require a certain knack in getting them across to an audience. They have been sung and acted by groups of girls in camps and elsewhere, are illustrated with large photographs, and have descriptions of the simple costumes required. The melodies as well as the words of the ballads are given. This is, of course, a very specialized form of entertainment. Ballad-singing is an old, old art, like story-telling. We all know how priceless a good story-teller is, and how irritating a mediocre one. In attempting these dramatic ballads, an understanding of this apparently simple art on the part of both coach and singers must be assured if they are to work out really well.

The Story of Our National Ballads by C. A. Browne (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) will appeal to all of us who have vibrated to the appeal of "Dixie", "John Brown's Body", "Over There", and other familiar favorites. Behind each stirring melody is the story of how it came to be written, of its composer, of its adventures before it attained its place in the hearts of you and me. Would you ever dream, as you yield to the stirring melody of "Dixie", that the name may have had its derivation from a New York slave-holder named

Now is the time for your friends to meet "The American Girl"—

Dixie? As the feeling against slavery in the North grew more intense, Mr. Dixie shipped his Negroes to the South. Because he had always treated them particularly well, they looked back upon their days with him with such homesick longing that New York became their "Dixie Land"—New York, and not Old Virginny or No'th Ca'lina! This is only one of several stories told about "Dixie", but it is a fascinating one, and so are most of the other stories connected with our national ballads.

Betsy Ross, Quaker Rebel by Edwin S. Parry (John C. Winston Company) makes the creation of the American flag as interesting as that of the American ballads. We take the proverbial meekness of the Quaker so much for granted that the rebellious Betsy has a double charm for us. Her sprightliness, her lively personality, are well brought out in this book, written by one of her direct descendants. The word "excommunication" takes on a new significance when we see Betsy excommunicated from the Quaker sect because she insisted on marrying the Episcopalian John Ross. The courage and the quiet independence she showed at this very beginning of her busy and romantic life, deepened with the years. Beautiful, whether she watched blue coats or red go marching past her window, whether she sewed bandages for the wounded or stars and stripes for the struggling soldiers, whether she waited anxiously for her seafaring husband or, with beating heart and flushed cheeks, took orders from Washington himself.

Mitty lived over fifty years after Betsy Ross, not as a flesh-and-blood character of American history, but as the heroine of *Melissa Ann, A Little Girl of the Eighteen Twenties* by Ethel Parton (Doubleday-Doran). She was also of an original and independent way of doing and thinking, and lived in one of the most picturesque times of America. Samplers and dameschools, pantalons and whaling vessels figure in this story of a girl separated from the grandmother and aunts with whom she has always lived, and sent far away to old Newburyport. Mitty is not sent to strangers, however, for her chum Lucy is with her, and she meets Dick Purvis, who proves to be a fine lad with "orange yellow hair" and white eyelashes which remind her of her yellow kitten Kish. It is not easy for Mitty to accustom herself to her new home, but her honesty and sweetness establish her there happily even though, as she confesses to her grandmother, her "behavior has been mixed." But it seems to have been, on the whole, the kind of behavior Newburyport liked, for Dick's father, Captain Purvis, calls his ship the "Fair Melissa" after her, and no girl could ask a more gallant tribute.

Our own Girl Scout Nancy makes her annual appearance this summer in

Nancy Goes Camping by Jean Henry Large (D. Appleton and Company). The girls of the Acorn Patrol and the Lone Girl Scouts, the members of which you have met before, have a blissful week's camping expedition beside a wild trout stream. No tenderfoot could take part in such an expedition, for the girls are entirely on their own, and do all the planning, cooking, and arranging of quarters, with only "Pal", the grown-up mascot, to give them a helping hand. It is a stimulating experience, and one which, as usual, brings out the characteristics of Nancy, Encarnacion, Amy Ruth and the other girls who have figured in previous Nancy books.

I noted particularly that, when our friends unpacked their supplies, a few books appeared—reference books and "something to read at the end of the rest hour." Would they have included fairy tales, I wondered? If so, *Red Magic*, edited by Romer Wilson (Harcourt, Brace and Company) would have brought them many old favorites and some new friends, *Rich Peter the Pedlar* is one of the latter, also *Bean Flower and Pea Blossom*—a particularly lovely one. The fine illustrations by Kay Nielson, whose work a great many of you probably know, add greatly to the joys of finding old friends and of making some new ones.

A book which Nancy and her friends might prefer to fairy tales, however well chosen, is *A Boy Scout with Byrd* by Paul Siple (Putnam). By this time we are fairly familiar with the kind of book written by many enthusiastic and conscientious boys and girls, but this book is superior to those we know. Paul is not only a fine type of boy, but one whose evident literary ability enables him to make his book interesting in itself as well as the stunt of an active and observing boy.

Pictures of the famous expedition remain in our minds as they do not from the books of other boy authors—pictures of Quin caught in one of the terrific Arctic blizzards, of the dogs, each one of whom is to us as to Paul a distinct personality—who can forget Holly? Or even poor Nuts?—or Paul skinning his penguins? The secret of this graphic touch is difficult to define, but Paul possesses it. As we snuggle under our warm camp blankets, or swelter a bit in the heat of July, the Arctic sends us many a realistic shiver, thanks to one of her boy scribes! Girl Scouts as well as Boy Scouts will be interested in reading this book of real adventure in far away places.



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A Right Smart Picture

(Continued from page 14)

kept watch over the boys and Missus Cobb. And she was looking mighty mad, too."

"What were the Cobbs doing?" asked Holly.

"Missus Cobb was aswearing and yelling, but Hart and Jack jest glared at us. They could see Sam wa'n't a man to trifle with. When I had the pack ready we backed out that house and clean down that hill. No shots in the back for us!"

Dan chuckled as he recalled the scene. "When are the Wilders going?" asked his mother. "And how's Sam aim to move 'em outen the hills?"

"He's getting the Browns' mule and the Wilsons' two hosses to tote his folks and their property over to Cricket Creek to-morrow. They'll catch the logging train thar for Windsor town. He aims for me to go over to Cricket so's I can bring the creetur back. Do you allow you can spare me, mammy?"

"Shore 'nough. I crave to help all we can." "We'll have to hoof along so slow with them a-riding that I won't get back to-morrow," said Dan. "I'll bide the night along the way and get home soon the next morning." He rose and stretched. "Is supper cooked? La, I'm empty."

And while Dan ate, his women folk pelted him with questions.

In the early morning the Stevens went downcreek to help get the travelers ready. Gran'pappy 'Lijah was in high spirits and limped about giving unnoticed orders and tugging at his long beard. But Granny was sad and frightened as Sam swung her up onto the mule atop the load of packs. "Lawdy, I'm agoing to slide round like a bit o' lard on a hot skillet," she chattered. "Oh, 'Lijah, how we going to say far'well to our home place?"

Tears were forgotten, however, when someone spied the Cobbs passing. They were walking slowly, pretending indifference to the caravan but casting sly, scowling glances up the hill.

"Now Missus Stevens," said Sam, "we-all wants for you folks to have our corn. Dan, you see them Cobbs don't get hit."

"Thank you. Oh, thank you," smiled Mrs. Stevens. "We'll shore be proud to have hit, being's our patch is so small. Bye."

Holly's face was wistful as she watched the procession start. How she would have liked to go along! But there were the corn fields to be hoed. As though reading her daughter's thoughts, Mrs. Stevens said quietly, "We'd best haste back to our work. But tomorrow you can go to meet Dan."

When Holly swung down the trail next morning she carried her camera. "Hit's a pure pity I didn't have any money so's I could 'a' had Sam take my fillum out to Windsor town to be made into pictures like that Johnson said," she thought to herself. "But ther, if I'd done that my one picture would 'a' been tuk."

Holly hoped to get onto Beech Branch before she met Dan. There was little travel there and the animals up that way would be friendly. "Mayhaps I'll see a deer that will leave me picture hit," she murmured.

Down Dog-leg and up Beech she hurried, walking lightly and glancing from side to side in search of a subject. A wild

canary swinging on a low bough hailed her with a trill of song. The girl paused and focused her camera. She put her finger on the lever, then hesitated. "No, Mister Yellow," she told him. "You'd be jest ary bird in my picture. Your gladsome coat wouldn't show and your lilty song wouldn't be heerd. No, I might as leave take a picture of a sparrow for all the differ hit would make. Besides, hit grieves me to take this picture so soon off. Like as not I'll never have another fillum."

The path began to ascend a mountain-side now. Holly climbed slowly, always listening for sounds of approaching feet.



FUSSY: You will get all dirty sitting on that chimney!

FEATHERS: Soots me all right.

"Hit's shore time for Dan to be acoming along," she thought. On top of the mountain gap, the girl paused and drew in her breath sharply. Before her, ridge after ridge of forest-covered mountains, blue with haze, rolled like ocean billows as far as the eye could see. "This shore is my picture," she whispered to herself. "Times when the walls of Dog-leg Valley seem to pen me in, I can look on this picture and my sperrit will jest stretch hitself and walk miles and miles and miles across them hilltops."

She found the scene in her camera. "Waal, I'll make my picture at last," she murmured, when suddenly the sound of hoofs made her jerk up her head. A mule was stumbling up the steep trail below her, his bridle reins dragging. It was Brown's mule. It must have broken loose from Dan. She hastened down to meet it. Just then, farther down the path, appeared a horse, tripping on its dangling rein. Holly stared down at the animals, her mind in a whirl. Dan was a good rider. He'd scarcely have been thrown.

"Dan—I've got to find Dan," Holly muttered and plunged down the hill. Past the horse and mule she stumbled. She could make better time on foot than on one of them on such a trail. At the bottom of the hill was a tiny meadow and there, tethered to a log, was the other horse. Dan must be near at hand. She started to call, but something in the oppressive stillness of the forest made her pause. And in that pause she heard voices.

Silently as a woodland creature the girl moved into the woods. With one hand she still clutched her camera. With the other she pushed aside vines and branches. The

voices were nearer now. Whose could they be? They sounded harsh and there was no laughter. And then suddenly she was on the edge of a small open space. Holly opened her mouth to scream and then closed it. Motionless she poised there.

At the other side of the clearing was Dan, stripped to the waist and bound to a tree. His face was pressed against the trunk of the pine. Between him and Holly stood the two broad-shouldered Cobb boys.

"Come on, Hart, get that whip busy," drawled one boy. "We'll larn him to tell tales on us and steal our property."

With a cruel, swishing sound the whip cut the air and curled around Dan's shoulders. The boy sank against the tree, but no cry came from him. A long red welt streaked his back. Holly bit her lip till it bled so that she might not scream. Nothing could be gained by rushing into the clearing. She could not stop the boys. Her only hope was to go for help. But between her and the nearest cabin lay several miles of trail.

"Oh, lawsy, what can I do? What can I do?" whispered the girl. And then it was as though the camera moved in her hands, calling her to consider it. She swung it before her and focused it as steadily as her trembling hands would permit. Then she waited.

"That crack left a right smart mark," drawled Hart Cobb. "A few more like hit and he'll be as striped as ary wildcat."

"I allow you're sorry now you took them things offen us. Hain't you, Dan?" sneered the other brother. There was no answer from the boy at the tree.

"Leave me swing the whip this time," suggested Jack. "I feel to larn him manners, too."

Jack raised the long rawhide. Just as he drew it back over his head for a good swing, Holly pressed the lever on her kodak. It was, fortunately, a very old-fashioned camera and it needed oiling. The trigger gave a loud, sharp click plainly heard in the stillness. The effect was immediate. The boys swung around, hands at hips, narrowed eyes searching the glade.

"Thar now. I got you. You're right in this box," Holly called out in a high, clear voice.

The boys stared at her in amazement. "Hit's the Stevens gal," said one. "She must be silly in the headpiece. Got us in that box!"

"Yes, that's what I said," cried the girl. "When I pressed that trigger I made a picture of you-all in this box. Hit shows my brother bound yonder to that tree. Hit shows the cut on his back. Hit shows the whip held high in that boy's hand. Ary teeniest thing about your wickedness is in a picture in this box. And only I know how to get hit out. I'm a-going to take this box to Windsor town and show my picture to the sheriff. And he'll get you. He'll get you, he will!"

The Cobbs shifted their feet and looked uneasily at each other.

"Aw shucks," said Hart finally. "There hain't no box could hold a picture of us big men. She's lying, she is."

"All right. Come see for yourselves," called Holly. "Jack Cobb, step here."

Hesitating, puzzled as to what to do,

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he finally ambled over to her side and at her direction peered over her shoulder into the finder. "Do you see your brother in thar?" asked Holly.

Jack bent lower. Then suddenly he jerked away. "Fer Lord sakes. I seed hit, Hart. You're standing in thar as clear as clear. And the woods. And Dan! Hit's witchery. That's what hit is."

But Hart was not convinced. And so he came to take a look while Jack stood before the camera. After gazing in the finder Hart backed away from Holly shaking his head and muttering, "I'll be dad-burned but I seed you, Jack, right in that box. Hit's a charm box. Hit is that."

"I never knowed ary charm doctor could make a thing like that," answered the other boy.

The two Cobbs walked to the other side of the glade and stood in consultation. "Aw, I'm agoing to take hit away from her. We can't leave no sheriff get hold o' that," cried Hart harshly and moved toward Holly.

"Come on. Touch this charm box," challenged the girl. "But gin you put one finger to hit, evil will befall you all your days. Gin you got ary sense in your skull-pieces you'll say as you'll never do harm ag'in to Dan or ary Stevens and that beeing done I'll keep my witchery for my ownself and not show my picture to the sheriff."

Hart still hesitated, half inclined to take the camera. But Jack, whose eyes were glued on the kodak, took hold of his arm

and drew him back. "Leave her be," he muttered. "Don't have no dealings with magic." Then lifting his voice he said in as casual a manner as he could muster, "We jest aimed to have a little fun with Dan. I allow we're done through and won't be meeting up with you-all ary more. Waal, Hart, I allow hit's time we was getting home to feed the property."

Together the Cobbs edged into the woods, casting furtive backward glances at Holly and her weapon. Then they disappeared.

Holly waited until the sound of their footsteps had died away. Then she raced over to Dan. "Dan, Dan, are you all right?" she panted, as she tugged at his rope.

"Shore. But I didn't dast say a word whilst they was here. Lawsy, Holly, you shore are one smart-turned gal." Dan looked at her with admiration.

In a few minutes the knots were loosened and Dan stepped free. Holly clasped her kodak in one hand and gripped her brother's arm with the other as they hurried back toward the trail. Too relieved to speak, they slipped along in silence. Suddenly Dan stopped short. "Holly, I just thought. You had to use your onliest picture on them no-count Cobbs—the picture you been seeking for all this while. Golly, but I'm sorry."

Holly's eyes misted. "Shucks," she said huskily. "I'd most as leave have used hit for that as for a bird or a mountain. I allow hir will make a right smart picture, Dan."

Have You Taken Up Backgammon?

(Continued from page 39)

eight inches and could be used for these boards by mounting the spectrum papers on the gold or silver background and binding the edges with gold or silver *passé partout* binding. The back of the board might also be decorated in an original way with an attractive silhouette, a Godey print, or even an illustration cut from a magazine.

As to the men and dice used with the backgammon boards described here, they may be just as elaborate or as simple as you like and as your budget allows. Jewel-like ones of a composition material may be had in brilliant colors, or strictly useful ones of black and red may be had at the five and ten cent store. These may be painted to match the colors of your board. As a guide in your selection, the size of the men should be decided by the size of the board. If you are ingenious you may, of course, make your own dice cups to match your board or you may buy them in a number of different styles and colors, to suit your fancy.

Since I haven't room here to discuss the game of backgammon, I am listing a few books that will lead the beginner by easy steps through the strategies and technicalities and will bring to the expert added pleasure in her game.

Vanity Fair's Backgammon To Win, by Georges Mabardi (Horace Liveright). To quote the sponsors, "The author of this book is acknowledged—by both experienced players and authorities—to be one of the finest exponents of the game, and

one of the most successful players in America today." It seems that Mr. Mabardi must have inherited his skill, as he is an Egyptian by birth and has played the game since he was a child. The book is designed to save the beginner much bitter experience and increase the pleasure of the more experienced and is a very valuable aid to the lover of backgammon.

Laws of Backgammon 1931, prepared by The Backgammon and Card Committee of the Racket and Tennis Club of New York (Charles Scribner's Sons). A brief summary of the rules of the game by a group of experts.

The New Backgammon, by Elizabeth Clark Boyden (Harcourt, Brace and Company). In this volume the principles and latest developments of the game are treated in an interesting way.

How To Play The New Backgammon, by Lelia Hattersley (Doubleday, Doran and Company). The principles of the game are given in an attractive and interesting style.

Backgammon Tactics, by Harold Thorne (E. P. Dutton and Company). This book contains fifty concrete examples of how to play different casts. Each problem is shown in a diagram and the correct answers to the moves are given, so that by careful study the player can learn much.

NOTE: Read, in the lower left hand corner of page forty-four, our unusual offer of a book on backgammon.

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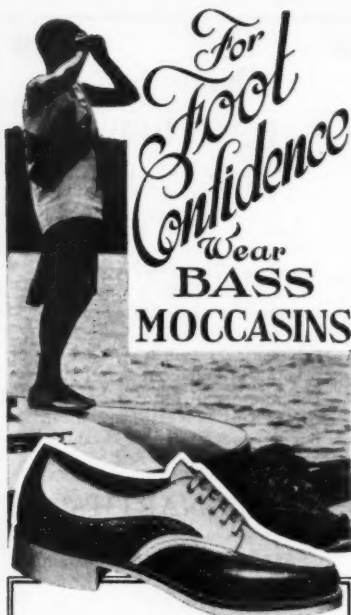
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Warm Days and Cool Fruit

(Continued from page 21)

baskets that may be bought at the five and ten cent store. When the French serve berries in this manner, they serve also little brown jugs of cream. If you haven't these, you may use tiny individual pitchers, which also may be obtained at the five and ten cent store, and which help make the table attractive.

The appearance of grapes and cherries, peaches and pears is also improved by the addition of a few of the fresh leaves. Perhaps, with the exception of flowers, fruit makes one of the most attractive of centerpieces, but it can be made more attractive by adding sprays of green leaves.

There are many ways of adding variety to cooked fruits. When you make applesauce, for example, try adding grated lemon or orange peel and a little lemon juice, or a small quantity of left over jam or jelly, or canned fruit juice. This will make an ordinary dish taste unusual.

When you bake apples, peel a strip around the middle, fill the scooped-out centers with dates, raisins or chopped fruit, and cook in juices from canned fruits. Prepared this way they will taste especially good and the family will enjoy them.

As a variation in serving prunes, cook them until the syrup is thick; then to each serving add two or three sections of grapefruit or orange or a slice or two of canned peaches or canned pears.

There are one or two ways of serving fruits as vegetables. Broiled or sautéed bananas are delicious with broiled ham or bacon.

Broiled Bananas

Peel and cut the bananas in two, crosswise, and cut the halves in two, lengthwise. Dip each piece in lemon juice and then in melted butter. Put in a shallow pan, and set under the broiler. When brown, arrange on top of the ham or place around the slice as a border. Canned pineapple may be used in the same way.

This month, too, it might be wise to begin to put up a few glasses of jam or jelly. If you use small individual glasses, they may serve as the beginning of your reserve of Christmas gifts. Two, four, or six of these tiny glasses, each topped with a Christmas seal, and tied in red or green cellophane paper and packed in a box, will make a welcome gift. Then if there are children in the family who must take lunches to school, these tiny jars are excellent for the lunchbox. Again, with several girls working together, enough may be made to sell at the Girl Scout booth at a fall fair.

If you are making jelly for yourself, I would advise starting out with a small amount of fruit, say about a quart, until you have gained some facility. Then you may work with more.

Some fruits, notably currants, grapes and apples, carry their own jellifying material, pectin. Many fruits—among them strawberries, peaches and pears—do not, and these must be mixed with apple, currant, or grape juice or with commercial pectin, to make them jell.

I shall give you directions for making

currant jelly because currants carry a great deal of natural pectin, and hence jell readily.

Currant Jelly

1. Select fruit that is not over-ripe.
2. Wash and stem.
3. Put in a kettle and add one-fourth cup of water.
4. Cook until the skins burst. You may hasten this process by mashing the fruit with a wooden spoon.
5. Pour into a wet jelly bag, and suspend over a bowl.
6. Let stand until the juice ceases to drip, but do not squeeze the bag. This tends to produce a cloudy jelly.
7. Measure the juice into a large kettle, being sure not to fill it more than one-quarter full. This gives the juice a chance to boil up without boiling away.
8. Measure out an equal amount of sugar.
9. Allow the juice to boil from three to five minutes, skimming if necessary.
10. Stir in the sugar and let it cook until it jellies.
11. To test for the jellifying point, dip a little of the juice out into a spoon and pour it back into the saucepan. When two drops instead of only one form side by side at the edge of the spoon and then run together into one, and finally "sheet" off, the juice is ready to jell and must be taken from the fire.
12. In the meantime, rinse clean glasses in cold water and set them on a cloth.
13. Pour the juice into the glasses to within an eighth of an inch of the top, and set away to stiffen.
14. When the jelly is stiff, melt paraffin wax in a saucepan and pour over the top. Be sure that the paraffin completely covers the jelly and seals the edges of the glass. Otherwise, the jelly will leak.
15. Cover and wash the glasses. Label and put away—for Christmas or for the fair, or for the children's lunch or for the plain everyday dinner.

If the glasses are to be used for Christmas gifts, they should be decorated with Christmas seals, wrapped in cellophane paper—green, purple, red, yellow, or whatever color scheme you happen to be using this year—and tied with silver cord. This should not be done until you are ready to send your Christmas gifts.

If your jelly jars are to be sold at a fair, they should be attractively labeled. Red-bordered labels with the name of the jelly neatly printed or typed are effective. The glasses should be displayed in neat rows on shelves not more than four or five inches wide and six or seven inches high. If you use individual glasses, the shelves should not be more than four inches apart.

In order to make your jellies more decorative, you may drop a cherry, a strawberry, a spray of mint or a rose geranium leaf into each glass.

To make strawberry, cherry, quince, raspberry, and blackberry jellies, combine the juice either with equal parts of currant or apple juice, or with commercial pectin. Directions for making jelly from fruit juices combined with pectin come with the product.

Jerome Bohm writes on Beethoven in August—

Aids to Good Looks

(Continued from page 25)

discussion of good looks that this department must be a very popular one. Miss Cades awarded the first prize of a bureau set, including comb, brush and mirror, to Frances Reynolds of Venice, California, and the second prize, a manicure set, to Laura Taylor of Plattsburg, New York. She writes that in making her choice she considered original thought and the way in which the thought was expressed. She found several of the non-prize-winning letters so good that she sent in an honorable mention list, too.

Here is Frances Reynolds' letter:

"The first thing, in my estimation, that a girl must have in order to be good-looking is good health. A girl with lifeless hair, dull eyes, sallow or colorless complexion, or one who is too slender or too fat is certainly not good-looking, although her features may be perfect in contour. Healthy girls who fairly are tingling with pep and vivacity show it in their faces and in everything they do. Health affects a girl's state of mind, which in turn affects her looks. In short, health is the foundation for all beauty.

"The next important thing is good grooming. Cleanliness is most essential. Proper care should be taken of hair, eyes and finger nails. Clothes and accessories should be kept meticulously clean. Every tiny detail counts in the impression one makes upon others. Poise and carriage have a great deal to do with appearance. Correct posture is important too, at all times, everywhere.

"A pleasant expression enhances any face, whether plain or beautiful. And, to have a pleasant expression, a sweet disposition is necessary. With these generally come good manners, cheerfulness, and thoughtfulness, which are attractive to everyone.

"Individuality and naturalness are charming, particularly in young girls. Sometimes girls try to affect the manners and speech of other people, and though they do not realize it, their own are far more admirable.

"Clothes, colors, and styles should be chosen which set off a girl's beauty to its best

advantage. Much can be done with these. The proper clothes should be worn on every occasion. An over-dressed girl is very awkward-looking. However, it is not the clothes but the girl herself who makes or mars her looks.

These are the things I consider essential to good looks, but after all, isn't it a matter of opinion?"

Laura Taylor's letter follows:

"When is a girl good-looking? You should have heard the various responses I received when I asked the 'gang' this question—'When is a girl good-looking?' I heard a jumble of words which sounded pretty much like the bleachers at a baseball game when the star bats a home run in the last inning.

"Finally Shrimp, the serious-minded one of the group, suggested that one at a time we give our ideas, and then select the points mentioned more than once. Through this method we found that the main requisites were: posture (standing, seated and moving), hair (clean and attractively combed), eyes (shining, alert), nice teeth, clear skin, well-cared for hands and nails, and, of course, general good health, including facial expression.

"One girl said: 'Don't you think we should have an acid test of some sort to give those who seem to fit all requirements?' This started another argument, but the test finally decided on is, I think, a good one. It is:

"Arrange to live with these girls for a while; that is, do things with them. Ask yourself questions like the following with regard to each girl: Is she always good-looking? In work? In play? If she is, according to our points, she is good-looking, and it is not the kind of good looks which is only skin deep."



Honorable mention is awarded to: Sara Abernathy of McKinney, Texas; Lorna Patricia Erickson, Kansas City, Missouri; Louise Hines, Los Angeles; Anita Ohlemeyer, St. Louis, Missouri; Winona Ruppenthal, Goltry, Oklahoma; Edith Hazel Smith, South Jacksonville, Florida; Betty Ann Steele, Duquesne, Pennsylvania; Winslow Weyer, Buffalo.

At Camp with the Girl Scouts

(Continued from page 29)

Then everyone enjoyed the stunt given by the Greenwood girls, a dramatization of every page of the paper, including bathing beauties, the Lindberghs and other characters in the public eye."

Pioneer Camping Is Hard Work

But Camp Irving girls love it

Phyllis Little, of Derby, Connecticut, one of the Pioneers of Camp Irving-on-the-Housatonic, writes about life there: "Camp Irving certainly has proved a big success," Phyllis writes. "The older girls living in the tipis were Pioneers, and what a jolly time they had.

"The next group of girls were hostesses, who conducted social parties after campfire. Frequent moonlight hikes also proved

a lark as almost anything done after Taps usually does, as every camper well knows.

"What camper does not enjoy canoeing? Off on a canoe trip, gliding along the mighty Housatonic, who wouldn't be happy?"

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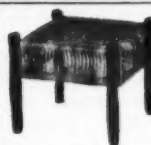


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Tad of the Heart Seven

(Continued from page 20)

Tad broke the silence, "We'd better be ambling. Are my bridle and saddle in the barn, Fanella?"

"Yes, I remember seeing them one day," nodded Fanella. "The saddle with the saddle bags on it for your little dog."

Tad and Vagabond found that it was darker inside the barn than outside. "The saddle ought to be hanging on one of these pegs," Tad murmured. "I think this is my old patched-up bridle."

She carried it to the door to examine it in the evening's fading light. Suddenly she heard a startled ejaculation and Vagabond jumped back from something his hand had touched. It was a coyote hide stretched over a wooden saw horse to dry; the head with its wide open eyes and gleaming teeth had been left on it.

"Let's—let's get out of here," Vagabond panted.

Tad tried to laugh, though her laugh was shaky. "Are you like Fanella—scared of hides when the eyes and teeth are still in them?"

He shook his head. "No, I'm not scared," he answered. "Only for a few seconds I thought—I thought—it makes me sick."

He took the saddle out of Tad's arms and carried it while they walked down to a barbed-wire fence.

She put two fingers into her mouth and blew a shrill whistle. "I think that's Josephus over there by the sand creek—though it's getting too dark to see clearly." Another shrill whistle. "Yes, look at the old beggar lifting his head. Come on, Josephus!" Her bird-like whistle was softer now, as a white-footed bay bronco came trotting up.

Tad walked out to meet the horse, reached out and caught him by the forelock. "Hello, rascal, I hope you like ginger snaps. I saved one for you. Here now, don't you get bold with me!" she scolded, as the horse reared back from the bridle bit.

She pulled his head down, slid the bit between his teeth and buckled it as she talked. Vagabond tossed on the saddle.

When Tad had cinched it tightly she turned and grinned her whole-souled, sixteen-year-old grin at her companion. "You know it's a point of honor between Josephus and me for him to buck like an ant-bitten donkey when I climb on him for the first time. But if I stick in the saddle, he's through. Sometimes he bucks me off," she laughed reminiscently, "once right in a cactus bed. But usually I managed to stick. Look at that ornery gleam in his eye, would you? He's saying to himself, 'She's going to be easy to flip out of the saddle this evening.'"

"Let me ride him," offered Vagabond. "I'm sure you've had enough jolts for one day."

But Tad had already reached for a stirrup and swung lithely into the saddle. "Hold Nuisance," she called to Vagabond.

Her prediction proved true—Josephus' head went down between his knees, his legs stiffened, and his back arched like a horse-shoe with Tad perched on top.

"Ow-eee, let 'im buck," yelled Tad, as she pulled off her hat and slapped Josephus with it. It was a lovely exhibition of riding, and admiration shone in Vagabond's eyes

as he watched the horse whirling, snorting, and lighting with hard, stiff-legged jolts. But Tad stuck in the saddle with a smile on her face—though the smile was almost hidden by the short hair shaken in a mass about her face like a dust mop.

At length the bucking slackened. When finally the horse subsided, Tad let out a weary but triumphant "Whew" and slid out of the saddle. She reeled a little but Vagabond steadied her. "You oughtn't to put up with such an evil-tempered, rascally horse!" he scolded.

Tad laughed as she ran a caressing hand down the sweat-darkened neck. "Didn't I tell you it was a point of honor between us? I don't want a meek-as-a-lamb bronco. My riding might get rusty on a gentle lady of a horse."

A rumble of thunder sounded as she talked. Tad glanced apprehensively toward the black clouds piling up in the coral sky. "I planned to rope another horse for you, Vagabond, but it's only three miles on to the home ranch so we'd better ride double and



"What's the feminine of cowboy?"
"Milkmaid."

race the storm. We'll have to ride hard."

But even as the boy swung up behind the saddle, a few drops of gusty rain spattered down. Tad touched the horse with her heels and he broke into a swift gallop.

Lightning zigzagged through the purple sky and thunder roared ominously close in their ears. The rain came down with lashing fury.

Tad turned her head and Vagabond heard part of what she was saying. "Old dug-out—over here. We can wait till—storm stops."

Josephus raced swiftly through the rain with Tad leaning low in the saddle and guiding him. She pulled him to a slippery, splashing halt, and slipped out of the saddle. In the driving rain it was hard to make out any habitation, but Tad took Vagabond's hand and they both fairly slid down some old washed-out dirt steps. They pulled at a creaky door with only one hinge until it opened and they entered a dark, musty interior.

"Some old prospector hollowed this out years ago," Tad was muttering through chattering teeth. "Used to be an old stove here—and we ought to be able to find a chunk or

two of wood. Got a match, Vagabond?"

The match's light flickered, wavered, but it lighted up a corner wherein sat a rusty, three-legged stove. A few pieces of wood lay about it, and some paper, chewed to bits by rats, littered the floor. Tad groped her way to a piece of wood. Vagabond felt for his knife to whittle off a few shavings to start a fire. "Pine wood is easy to light," Tad said cheerfully.

Vagabond was holding a match's flame to some pine shavings and they were both shivering and intent as they watched the flame catch and spread uncertainly—when a sound same to their ears. Tad's startled hand almost dropped the lighted stick she was holding.

It came again—a low, guttural moan. Vagabond lifted the torch, held it high above his head. Its poor light revealed a bunk of some kind at the other end and, half lying, half sitting on the bunk a figure of a man. Before their startled lips could form a question, he moaned again and mumbled, "Alice, Alice, don't go away."

"It's old Battle, the stage driver," Tad explained to Vagabond, who stood like a statue with the torch upraised in his hand, staring down at the delirious figure. The old man sank back exhausted and weak. "But how did Battle get here?" she asked.

Vagabond leaned over the sick man, shook him slightly. "Did they shoot her?" he asked tensely. "Did they shoot Alice?"

The old man laughed shrilly. "Ha—it'll take a better shot than you, you sneakin' lobo-wolf! She's too smart for you. Wait! Wait a minute!" he jerked up again, his hands fumbling about his person. "Where's that paper? Where's that paper? I folded it up—it's for Pat Lafferty—try to make me tell where it is, you scorpion!"

Tad eased him down again, felt his forehead that was hot and dry. His shirt slid off his shoulder, revealing a jagged wound.

"Look here, Tad," said Vagabond, motioning to a battered, backless chair by the side of the bunk on which was a tin plate with a sandwich, while a bottle of coffee, cold and filmed over now, sat beside it. "Someone has brought him some food."

"I won't drink it. I won't touch it. They're tryin' to poison me," he whispered craftily. "I won't touch it—not a drop—"

Then all was silent except for the man's heavy breathing and the rain dripping on the roof outside. Tad turned to her new friend and said in a low voice, "Vagabond, we've got our job cut out for us. We've got to get poor old Uncle Bat out of here and over to the Heart Seven tonight—somehow—some way. We can't leave him here."

"How far is it to the ranch?" he asked.

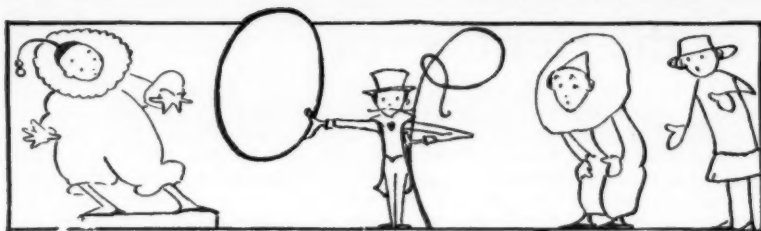
"About four miles. We're a mile from the Half-way House," Tad was musing aloud. "The only way I can figure out is to ride to Half-way and get a couple of horses and hitch them to that wagon that sits below the barns. Then we can take Uncle Bat to the Heart Seven. We'll have to get the wagon back before morning so no one will know we used it. Can you hitch up a team?"

"Yes, I can, Tad."

"Then you ride Josephus over to Half-way. I'll wait here till you get back."

Vagabond (Continued on page 48)

Don't miss the thrilling developments in "Tad of the Heart Seven"—



Laugh and Grow Scout



Golf in the Dining Room

"Here, here!" said the golf fiend to his son who was ignoring the spinach on his plate. "Get back on the green!"—*Sent by BEATRICE BRAHMS, Lawrence, Long Island, New York.*

A Novel Substitute

MAMA (pretty much excited): Here comes the parade and Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?

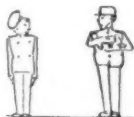
MARY: She is upstairs waving her hair.

MAMA: Mercy me, child! Can't we afford a flag?—*Sent by MARION BLOOMQUIST, Gwinn, Michigan.*

Her Sacrifice!

FOND MOTHER: Now that you have a baby sister to play with, don't you think you could spare one of your dolls, and make that poor little girl happy? She has neither sister nor doll!

MILDRED: Well, er—couldn't we just let her have the baby?—*Sent by ROBERTA SCHULZ, Kohler, Wisconsin.*



Getting Even!

A young midshipman reported to the commanding officer of a battleship for duty.

Captain X, a gruff old sailor, who had worked his way up from the ranks, sized up the youngster with anything but a friendly air and said: "Well, sir, I suppose that as usual they've sent the fool of the family to sea!"

The young midshipman quickly responded, "Oh, no. They've changed all that since your time, sir."—*Sent by EDNA LATTIMORE, Savannah, Georgia.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month What a Baby!

Mrs. Tugson had bought a perambulator on the hire-purchase system. For month after month she had visited the shop which sold it to her, handing over her meager instalments. Her visits were so numerous that she became quite well known to the assistant who served her.

At last the time arrived when Mrs. Tugson had paid in full. The assistant bade her a touching farewell as he handed her the receipt.

"I shall miss you, Mrs. Tugson," he said. "You've been a regular customer. Er—how is the baby getting along?"

Mrs. Tugson gave a satisfied smile. "Very well, thank you," she replied. "He is getting married next week."—*Sent by JOANNA MELCHER, Findlay, Illinois.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

"Yep," replied the caller, "tell her that her kid sister's here and Ma wants she should get a couple of pounds of liverwurst on her way home."—*Sent by THELMA M. SMITH, Ocean City, New Jersey.*



Within His Limits!

A man was driving down the street behind one of the new miniature cars. Every once in a while it would jump into the air. Finally both cars stopped and the man in the rear shouted, "Why does your car jump around every once in a while?"

To this the other replied, "Can't a man hiccough when he wants to?"—*Sent by RUTH CURRIER, Westville, Connecticut.*

No Sense to It!

A young lady entered a stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax. "I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk. "All we carry is sealing wax."

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"—*Sent by LENORA GREEN, Hettinger, North Dakota.*

Mistaken

Not a sound had been heard in the playroom for several minutes and utter quiet usually meant mischief, but this time Mother was mistaken.

"What are you doing, John?" she inquired.

"Nothing, Mother."

"And you, Willie?"

"Helping John."—*Sent by PATRICIA KENNEDY, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

And Pickles!

"Ah, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the attendant at the awesome entrance of a silken-hung room. "You wish to consult Madame Maharajah, the great mystic of the Orient?"

"Yep," replied the caller, "tell her that her kid sister's here and Ma wants she should get a couple of pounds of liverwurst on her way home."—*Sent by THELMA M. SMITH, Ocean City, New Jersey.*



As in Dressing at Camp— you can't be too sure!

WITH an unsteady peek-a-boo mirror for two, dressing carefully at camp is a difficult thing. There's always the chance that your tie's a bit lopsided or that your part's not straight. It's the hazard of not having enough room!

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The American Girl

670 Lexington Ave. New York, N. Y.

Be sure and read the next instalment in the August magazine

Tad of the Heart Seven

(Continued from page 46)

looked at her for a moment. "You're putting a lot of trust in me, Tad, trusting me to go off on your horse."

"Sure thing. My barometer says you're all right."

"Your barometer?"

"The little squirmer here. Look at him wagging his tail when you talk. I always trust his judgment. I had a teacher at school and his Nibs never saw him but what he growled and, sure enough, if that prof didn't flunk me in Literature. Said I had no imagination. But hurry, won't you, because I—well, it's a bit creepy here with the mice playing hide and seek over your feet in the dark."

For several hours Tad waited there in the musty dugout with Nuisance alternately brave and overcome by the scamper of rats, with poor old Battle muttering and swearing roundly in his troubled stupor. "Can't you even smoke your pipe, Uncle Bat?" Tad asked, doing all she could for him. She found it in his coat pocket, filled it

and gave it to him. He took several puffs and then dropped off into a heavy sleep.

At length Tad heard the welcome rattle of a wagon. She took a lighted stick of wood to the door to enable Vagabond to guide the wagon close to the slanting steps. "I got a heavy blanket in the barn to wrap him in," he whispered as he came in and shut the door softly behind him.

They rolled the sleeping man in the heavy blanket. Vagabond carried him out to the wagon and made him as comfortable as possible with his head resting on Tad's saddle. Tad took the reins and guided the borrowed horses over the slippery trail, while Vagabond sat back by Battle, keeping him covered with the blanket and his own sweater which he threw over him to keep him warm.

The sky had cleared and a late moon was riding high when Tad slowly and cautiously drew into the Heart Seven home ranch and stopped the wagon before the log bunkhouse which was farthest from the house. "I don't want to take him into the ranch house," the girl murmured. "Octave says

Dad gets upset so easily, and Tasty would be worrying over him every single minute."

They carried him in and made him comfortable on a cot. Vagabond built up a fire and Tad made him some coffee. Battle consented to drink it only after Tad showed him and let him feel the granite coffee pot she made it in. Tad heated water and gently washed the wound and put antiseptic salve on it. "There's an English doctor that's visiting his nephew over in the Brakes," Tad said. "I'll send Francisco, our Mexican hand, over the first thing in the morning. We'll just let everyone think Battle's disappeared for the time being; then when his mind clears, he'll be able to explain what happened."

"Yes—what happened to Alice," said Vagabond, "and what was the paper he had for Pat Lafferty. This thing is queer all right!"

Tad and Vagabond have stumbled on a real mystery. You will want to unravel it with them, so be sure and read the next issue!

Caterpillars

(Continued from page 24)

she sang out in her most winning manner. "Don't unmask until you get down there. We are going to have a *surprise*."

So we all trudged off down the path, stumbling over the rocks and hoping the surprise was eats. I had kicked off my shoes in the Camp House so it wasn't so bad.

"My word," Sally giggled, when we were almost there. "What are those caterpillars going to do? They will have to unmask themselves before they can come this far."

"Keep your eye out for them," I answered. "The bet will be all off if they are recognized before the unmasking has taken place."

When we got to the beach we found a fire going, and we made a circle around it and guessed the identity of the different masked figures. The barrel twins were the last pair to be passed upon and they proved to be Marge and Dizzy. They shed their barrel with whoops of relief, and we all pitched into the ginger cookies and lemon ice that appeared as the surprise. There were also stacks of marshmallows to be toasted over the fire, a real treat from the Management.

"They're doing themselves proud all right," I said to Sally. "We never have both party and eats when the councillors are home. I'm going to go up and get Scat and Man o' War."

"They've won the bet, though," laughed Sally. "They'll have all the ice cream they want after this."

"You said it," I answered, as I started up the path to rescue my stranded roommate. But I hadn't got beyond the circle of firelight before I discovered my errand of mercy to be totally unnecessary, for coming toward me from the darkness what should I see but a most amazing trio! Scatter and Man o' War, clad in immaculate camp uniform, one each side of a tall and handsome naval officer in full uniform.

Mindful of my own unpleasing appearance, I shrank back into the mob around the fire, and Scatter politely led her captive up to Ma Panther, and introduced him.

"Mrs. Newell, may I present Lieutenant Pond. He has come to call on his sister. He hadn't heard that she was on her way to Rockland."

Lieutenant Pond! In the flesh! Before Scatter could think of introducing her roommates to the hero I must make my getaway, and I wasn't the only one with that idea. For as I fled up the path to Loon Attic, bitter at the fate that had sent me to the party clad in that hideous make-up, I saw two shadowy forms in bathing suits, streaking along ahead of me. Marge and Dizzy were also taking themselves and their costumes far from the light of the campfire.

We didn't have long to wait in the shack before tattoo sounded, calling all the Panthers to bed, and before taps went we got the whole story from Scatter.

"When you beat it off and left us," she chuckled, "we couldn't decide whether to follow you and get recognized, or stay in the caterpillar costumes and win the bet. While we were arguing we heard a car buzz up. We thought it was the councillors returning to the fold, but next thing we knew the door by the stage opened with a bang and someone stumbled headlong over us. It was kind of dark in that corner and he went full length onto the floor. He cussed like something else and we began to laugh. He had a nice voice in spite of what he was saying. We couldn't see him, of course, but I bet he was surprised when he saw what was laughing at him there on the floor. He asked for Miss Pond, and I told him if he'd take his knife and rip us around the edges we would emerge and take him on a personally conducted tour. Of course, we had guessed by that time who he was and were thrilled to a crisp that we could be of help to him.

"Well, he started to rip us out with his knife, and we started to come forth, but I suddenly remembered that we couldn't. We didn't have anything on but our unders beneath those caterpillar costumes. Gosh, it was awful!"

Scatter paused for breath. Margie shivered with excitement.

"What on earth did you do?" she begged.

"Well," Scatter resumed her story, hugging her knees in the ecstasy of her recollections, "for once in her life, Man o' War showed some sense. She rolled off to the kitchen, crawled out of her caterpillar skin, and beat it for the shack and some clothes. While she was gone I held the hero in conversation. My head was out by then; so I could look at him."

And an amusing picture it must have been. Scatter talking to her beloved, her red head sticking out of her green tube, while he squatted beside her on the floor.

"When Man o' War came back," she went on, "she showed him all the trophies and interesting things in the Camp House while I rolled off and changed, and then we led him to the beach."

She paused again, grinning tantalizingly. Then she went on once more.

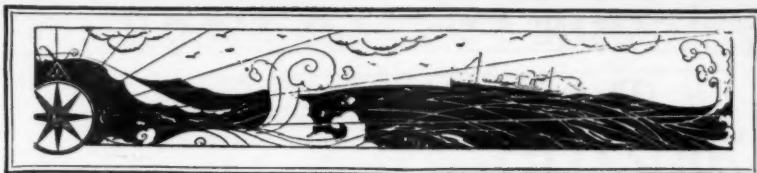
"But, Frosty, my girl, listen to the best of all. Do you remember how I told you all that caterpillars made the best bait? Well, these two caterpillars have caught an invitation to tea on Lieutenant Pond's ship tomorrow, and Ma Panther says we can go. Honestly can you believe it?"

Marge and I looked drear and most unbelieving.

Scat laughed and ended her story with a last twist at her forelock.

"The best is saved until last, my good woman. I told him I had two roommates and a Dizzy friend, all handsome and passing fair and he said, just like that, 'All right, Caterpillar, bring 'em along, and we'll have a real party.'"

"The American Girl" stunt is now ready—



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

ONE of the most striking commemorative postage stamps we have had in a long day made its appearance at Washington and Dansville, New York on May twenty-first. This is the new two-cent postage stamp issued to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the American Red Cross. The stamp is printed in black and red and is the same size as the regular current series. It is inclosed in a border formed by a heavy black outer and lighter inner line slightly indented along the center on all four sides. Across the top of the stamp in two lines are the words "United States Postage" in white faced Roman lettering. The central design of the stamp, printed in black, is the figure of a Red Cross nurse kneeling before the globe with outstretched hands. In the upper part of the stamp at the left of the figure is the Greek cross printed in red. Arranged vertically, opposite the indentation on each side, are the dates in black Gothic figures "1881" at the left and "1931" at the right. In both lower corners within white bordered ovals with black background appears the white numeral "2." Across the bottom of the stamp in a straight line between the ovals containing the denomination numeral is the word "cents" in white Roman letters.

The issue of this stamp has been limited to a very small quantity and many of our readers may experience difficulty in obtaining the stamps at their local post offices. If you cannot obtain the stamp at your post office and want an unused copy for your collection, the Stamp Editor will send you one for five cents. This includes the return postage.

We may soon expect to see a new series of postage stamps from New Zealand. This Dominion plans an issue of stamps which will represent characteristic or notable New Zealand scenery, or industrial, agricultural or pastoral scenes.

You will remember that in the May issue of this magazine we illustrated the cachet used at Winnipeg for the first flight of air mail service over the route to Grand Forks, North Dakota, extending as far as Chicago. This route has since been extended so that on June second Valley City, Jamestown, Bismarck and Mandan, all in North Dakota, received air mail service on the route. On May thir-

tieth Duluth, Minnesota was made a terminal on a spur line which operates out of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The postmasters at all of these cities used very interesting cachets on first flight air mail.

On June fifth a new air mail route was established between Kansas City and Denver, Colorado by way of Salina, Kansas. Passenger service had already been in operation between these three cities but mail service was not inaugurated until the fifth of June.

On May thirtieth Birmingham, Alabama was included in the route of airplane service between Atlanta and Los Angeles. A big demonstration was held at Birmingham, including the dedication of the city's new airport.

Possibly the biggest aviation news of the month is the story of the Graf Zeppelin's proposed flight to the North Pole. It is expected that the Zeppelin will start from her base at Friedrichshafen on her first voyage to the Arctic Ocean on or about July fifteenth. The first stop on the voyage will be Berlin for the purpose of replenishing the fuel supply. Another stop, for the same reason, will be made at Leningrad and the ship will then proceed north to the coast of Northern Siberia, then on over the Arctic Ocean to Franz Joseph Land and Nicholas II Land. From Franz Joseph Land the ship will cruise over the Arctic Ocean toward the Polar Region, possibly flying directly over the Pole. It is planned during this flight that the airship shall get into contact with the Wilkins-Ellsworth Expedition aboard the submarine "Nautilus" which will then be in Arctic waters.

As on all of the Graf Zeppelin's previous flights the airship will carry mail and arrangements are being made by your Stamp Editor to take care of sending a letter for you if you so desire one. Write for the full details, but because time is very short send

your request for this information immediately.

Editor's Note: Next month this column will be devoted to a fascinating hobby. Watch for it! And if you have an interesting hobby of your own about which AMERICAN GIRL readers would like to know, be sure to send it in and we will gladly consider it for possible use in an early issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Ask your camp councillor to give it at campfire!

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OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Patriotic Puzzle

The beginning of this month has a date that is most significant in our country's history, the day that has been made immortal by the signing of the Declaration of Independence. With this in mind, the Puzzle Pack Editor celebrates the occasion by picturing an incident connected with that great event.

At first glance, it seems to be a perfectly good representation of what actually happened, and if you were not too critical, you would let it go at that. However, if you stop a moment and study it more closely you will find a mistake or two, yes, perhaps several more. In fact, there are at least twelve errors in this picture. Now see how many of them you can find.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Illustrious
2. Oils
3. Started
4. An insect
5. Hirelings (Anglo-Saxon)

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change BANK into JAIL in seven moves.

A Charade

My first is in mill, but not in wheat.
My second, in cold, is never in heat.
My third is in new, but not in old.
My fourth is in straight, but never in fold.
My fifth is in many, but not in few.
My sixth is in stocking, and not in shoe.
My seventh, in stranger, is never in guest.
My whole is a state far out in the West.
By ELLEN GREENEBAUM, Baltimore, Maryland.

An Enigma

I am the name of a famous speech by a famous President and contain seventeen letters.

My 7, 15, 3, 4 and 5 is a girl's name.
My 7, 8 and 5 is to purchase.
My 11, 7, 16, 8, 14 and 12 means absolutely senseless.

My 1, 9, 11 and 7 is to snatch.

My 10, 8, 2, 6, 17, 15 and 13 is to have formed an opinion without true knowledge.
By RUTH BLISS, Carpinteria, California.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters spell the name of a great city.

1. Ear 2. Aster 3. Hen 4. Ear 5. Pal 6. Ear 7. Ill

By JOAN LEE, Round Lake, Illinois

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What do we catch but never see?
By ARLETA KIRLIN, Detroit, Michigan

Concealed Flowers

The name of a flower is concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. I put your green cape on your chair.
2. That Hepplewhite chair is on exhibition in the salon.
3. In the last scene, the comic lovers amused the audience greatly.
4. The liver Ben ate was served with bacon.
5. Our colored maid Lulu pined for her home in the South.
6. The squire followed the vassal via the forest route.
7. He has charge of a large area as territory manager.

By RUTH M. BURGIN, Delbi, New York.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A GIRL SCOUT SONG: "When e'er you make a promise."

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

S K I D S
K A R A T
I R A T E
D A T U M
S T E M S

WORD JUMPING: Spin, span, spar, soar, hoar, boat, boot, boon, born, barn, yarn.

CONCEALED GEMS: 1. Opal 2. Agate 3. Diamond 4. Pearl 5. Topaz

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: When the door is open.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell MARI-GOLD.

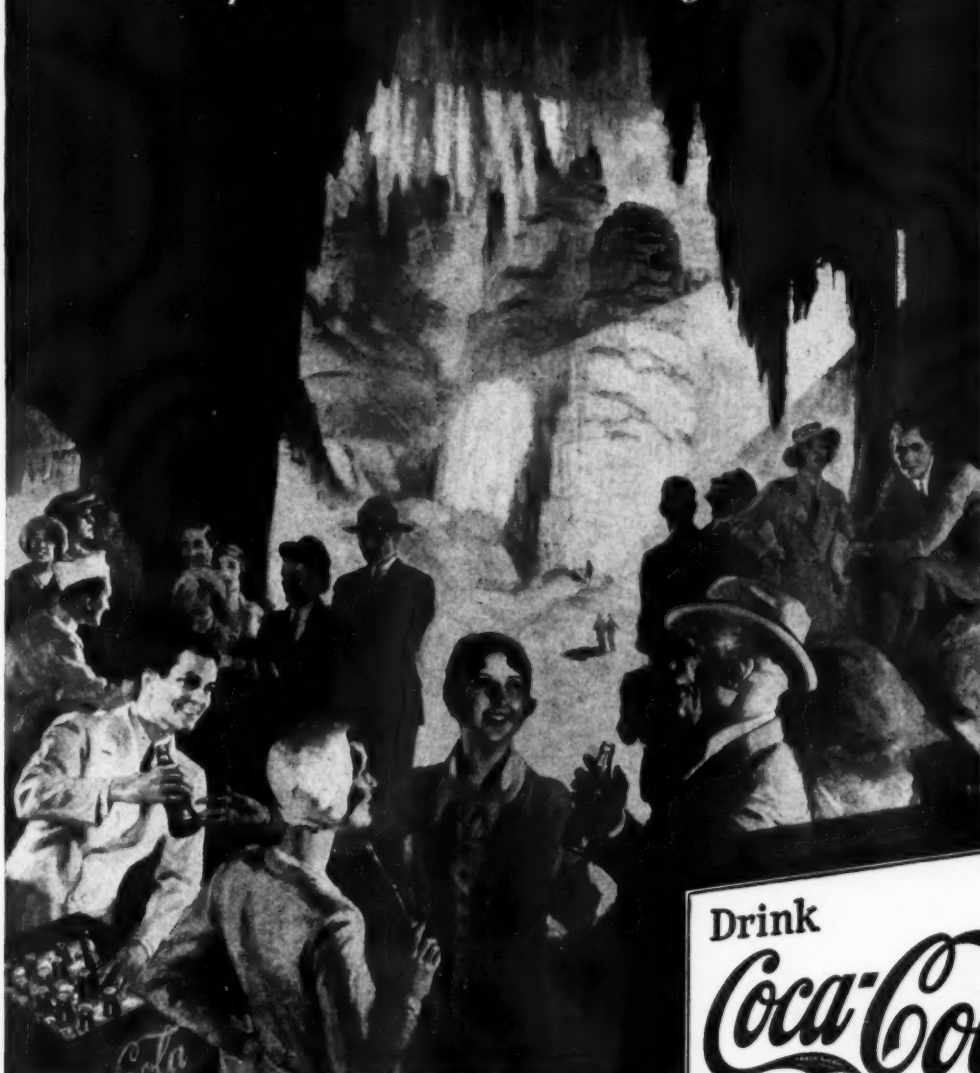
AN ACROSTIC: Pill. Into. Tons. Toga. Spin.

Brig. Urge. Rill. Gale. Hens. PITTSBURGH-LOS ANGELES

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"The pause that refreshes"

Over
9 Million
a Day



Carlsbad Cavern, N. M. At the end of the long trail to the bottom—ice-cold Coca-Cola and the pause that refreshes.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

READY ICE-COLD 750 FEET UNDERGROUND

Yet nobody is surprised

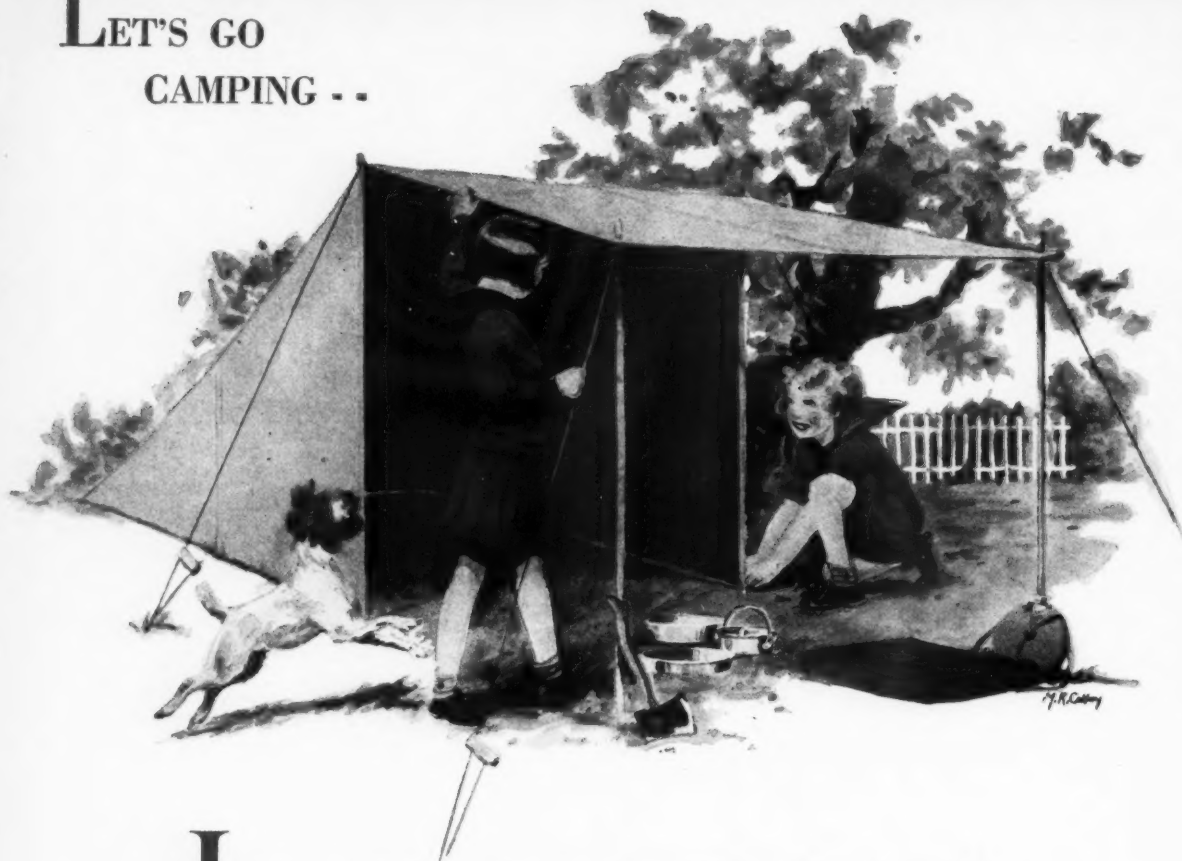
CARLSBAD CAVERN winds its way down nearly three miles to a vast chamber 750 feet underground. The guide calls a halt and points out restful seats. Amid astonishment of all at the wonders of this strange subterranean world, ice-cold Coca-Cola is served. *Yet nobody is surprised.* They expect this great drink around the corner from anywhere

—everywhere with the same tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. ♪ ♪ Weary from the long trail, all give hearty welcome to a familiar and delightful custom—the pause that refreshes. ♪ ♪ Over nine million a day come up smiling and off to a fresh start after a short rest period with ice-cold Coca-Cola. So can you. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

•
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Sports Champions—
Coca-Cola Orchestra
Wed. 10:30 p. m. Eastern
Daylight Saving Time
Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network.
•

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

LET'S GO CAMPING . .



--IN THE BACK YARD

Whether or not you go away to camp, follow the outdoor trail this summer. Set up your frontiersman's hut under the apple tree and play Swiss Family Robinson with the girl next door. We have just the tent you want, a little pup tent big enough for two to sleep in, or for shelter when it rains. Waterproof green cloth. T-802, \$4.25.

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Don't blacken mother's best frying pan over a camp fire. A special one with a fold-

ing handle, just right for two eggs and several rashers of bacon is only 60 cents. (W-781) This is fine for the family picnic as well as your own haunts.

Invite the whole gang to a steak fry some July evening. Even amateur cooks can handle our camp broiler. W-723, 50c.

For the lone Girl Scout in a far away place the individual camp cooking outfit is perfect equipment on an expedition into the wood lot or the back pasture. It includes a frying pan, stew pan, which may serve as a plate, a cooking pot, a cup and a fork and spoon—all in a high grade aluminum that will not rust. W-811, \$2.75.

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NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
